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CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE & SOCIAL PROGRESS.

EDITED BY REV. W. H. WITHROW, D. D.

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HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO STREET.

TORONTO, Nov. 10th, 1885.

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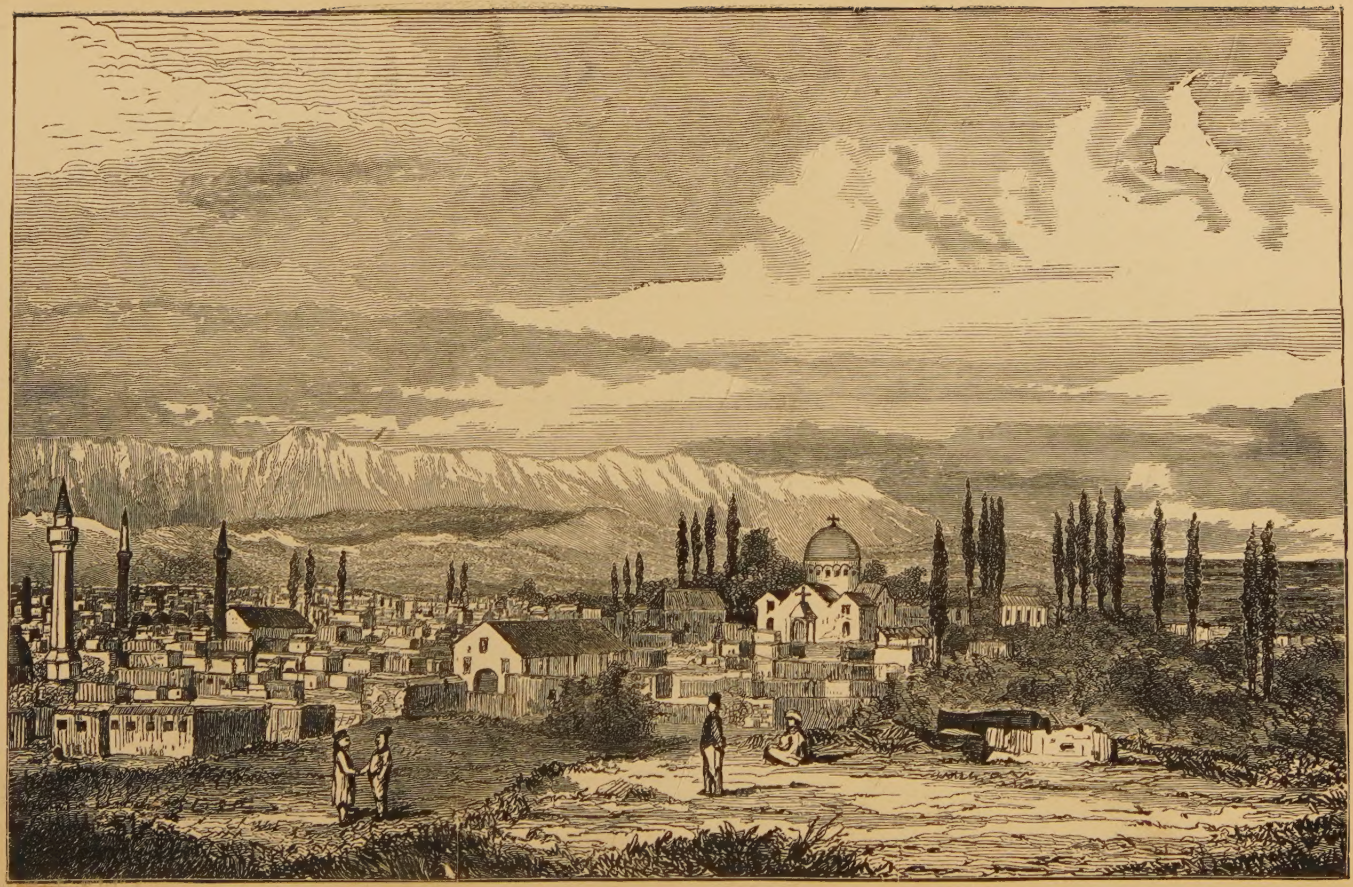

THE CANADIAN
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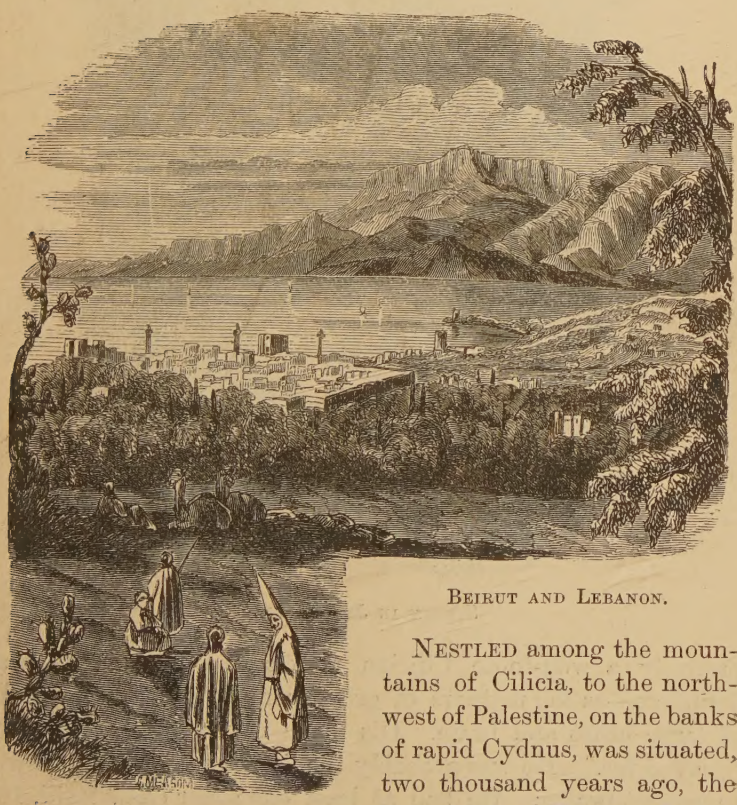
DECEMBER, 1886.

FOOTSTEPS OF SAINT PAUL.

BY THE EDITOR.



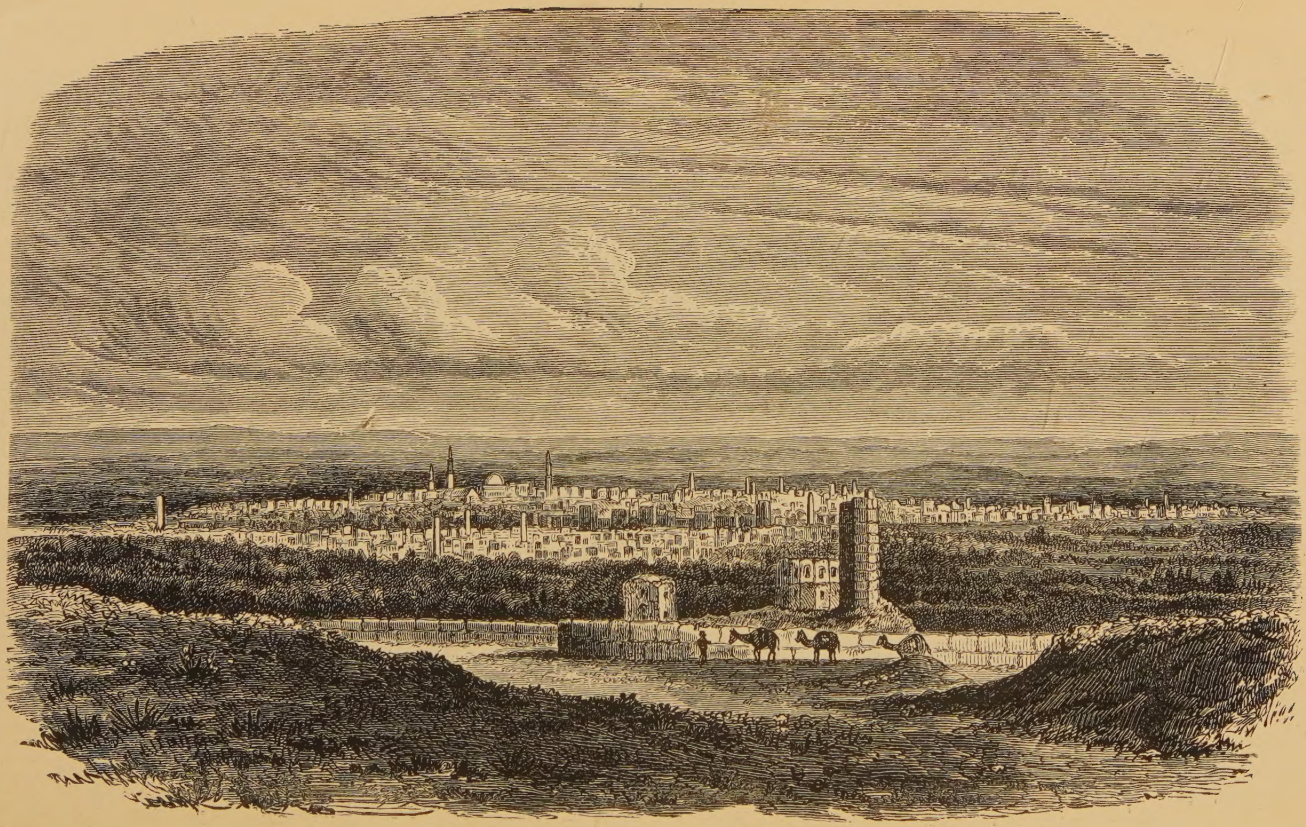
BEIRUT AND LEBANON.

NESTLED among the mountains of Cilicia, to the northwest of Palestine, on the banks of rapid Cydnus, was situated, two thousand years ago, the large town of Tarsus. It was no mean city, being the seat of one of the three great universities of the age—the others being Alexandria and Athens. It was also

a "free city," enjoying many privileges akin to those of Frankfort, Hamburg, Lubeck and Bremen during the Middle Ages. Here, shortly after the birth of the Redeemer of mankind in Bethlehem, was born the child who was to become the most illustrious man the world has ever seen—the man who, by his spoken and written word, was more than any other to mould the mind of Christendom to the end of time. His father was

STREET IN JERUSALEM.

probably a well-to-do Cilician merchant. His mother was doubtless—as the mothers of great men always are—a woman of large heart and brain. His name means "the desired," or "prayed for." He was probably the first-born, given in answer to earnest prayer. He had at least one sister (Acts xxiii. 16). He was trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord —a Pharisee of the Pharisees—the straitest of all the sects of the Jews. He was trained up, too, after the wise Jewish



DAMASCUS.

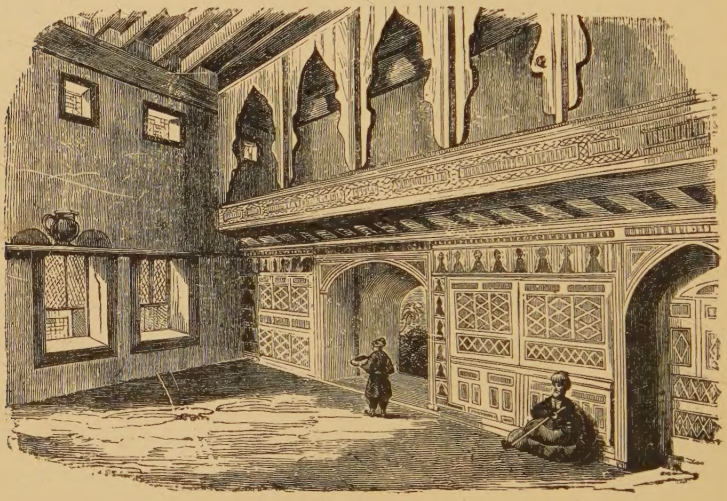
custom, in a useful handicraft, to wit, that of making tents of the long and beautiful goats' hair, called from the name of the province "cilicium."

When the school-days at Tarsus, where the boy learned both Greek and Hebrew, were over, at about the age of thirteen, he set out, doubtless accompanied by his father, for Jerusalem. Sailing beneath the heights of Lebanon to Joppa, the port of Jerusalem, with what emotion the lad would greet the storied hills of Palestine and the city of the Great King. At the feet of the most learned doctor of his age, the keen-eyed youth became well versed in all the wisdom and dialectics of the schools. He probably received the degree of Rab, or the higher one of Rabbi, before returning to his native Tarsus. He could hardly have been in Palestine during the public ministry of our Lord, or he would doubtless have seen and heard the Divine Teacher whose name and fame stirred the whole community. After the marvellous events of the Crucifixion, the Resurrection and Pentecost, Saul is again in Jerusalem, one of the hottest of the zealots, persecuting the new faith, giving his voice against them, haling men and women to prison and to death, and holding the clothes of them that stoned Stephen.

So greatly does his fiery energy commend him to the Sanhedrim, as a suitable agent to bring bound to Jerusalem the little company of believers at the ancient city of Damascus—a city even then well-nigh two thousand years old, and which has still a busy population of 120,000 souls. But as he gazes from the rocky height upon that fairest gem of the Orient, he is met by the Jesus whom he ignorantly persecuted, and the whole current of his being is reversed. Instead of entering the city as a proud persecutor, he entered it as a blind, submissive inquirer for the light. Marvel of marvels, the persecutor becomes the preacher, and "confounded the Jews which dwelt at Damascus, proving that this is very Christ." The street which is called Straight, with the very house of Ananias, and St. Paul's Gate, are still shown the credulous traveller.

After three years' preaching, the late trusted agent of the Sanhedrim is himself a fugitive—let down by the wall in a basket. Bearding the lion in his den, he comes to Jerusalem and essays to join himself to the disciples, "but they were all afraid of him and believed not that he was a disciple." Be-

tween the hatred of the Jews and suspicion of the Christians, he receives cold welcome, till Barnabas, the son of consolation, brings him to Peter and James, who give him the right hand of fellowship. With the Galilean fishermen the disciple of Gamaliel dwells fifteen days, and holds sweet converse on the deep things of God. But the hatred of the Jews burned hot against him, and again he becomes an exile—faring forth on his life-long wanderings, destined to be the Apostle of the Gentiles and the martyr for the truth.



Interior of House in Damascus.

Soon he is found preaching with Barnabas in the populous city of Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians, and which was destined to have a glorious Christian history. For six hundred years Antioch deserved the title given it by Pliny—"the Queen of the East." Here was a magnificent temple of Apollo, and the famous grove of Daphne was the scene at once of the greatest profligacy and splendour. A high degree of Greek civilization was mingled with an Asiatic luxury. To the addiction of the inhabitants to a scurrilous wit and the invention of nicknames, may be attributed the appellation of Christians, first given in this city, in derision and scorn, to the followers of Jesus Christ. On the decline of the Roman empire, it suffered severely by wars with Persia. In 331 it was visited by a famine so terrible that a bushel of wheat sold for 400

City of Antioch

pieces of silver. When Julian the Apostate endeavoured to restore the worship of Apollo at his once famous shrine, he found only a single miserable priest, and the only sacrifice to the god that he could present was—a goose! Its luxuries had once been so dangerous that the Roman soldiery were stringently forbidden to approach the place. Here, in purple and jewels, the most accomplished courtiers lived and revelled in pleasure. But now the half-naked barbarian herds his goats among the ruins of Apollo's worship, and chases the fox and jackal over the ashes of classic glory.

As to morals, we cannot praise the ancient people of Antioch. It was at once the greatest and the worst of all Greek Oriental cities under the sway of Rome. Nevertheless, Christianity in Antioch won vast trophies during the early centuries, and here was founded the Church of the Gentiles; at one time there were, in the city limits, 360 churches and monasteries. From here, Paul and Barnabas, with other devoted souls, went forth with the Gospel into the West, and as a result *we* are now rejoicing in its blessed hopes. Ten councils holden here, at which Arianism and other heresies were condemned, give Antioch a prominent place in Church history. Among the powerful patriarchates of the early Church, as Constantinople, Rome, Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Antioch, the latter occupied a conspicuous place, and exists, under the Greek Church, until this hour. In letters and oratory the city furnished some distinguished names, such as Ignatius, Theophilus, John Chrysostom, Severus, and Sergius, all famous in the Church.

The history of Antioch is most eventful. It has been wholly or partially destroyed by earthquakes nearly twenty times, the last one occurring in 1872. On one of these occasions 260,000 souls perished in three minutes.

At the present time Antioch contains about 13,000 souls, consisting of Moslems, Greeks, Pagans, Jews, Armenians, Catholics, and Protestants. Missionary operations are carried on by the American Board and the Reformed Presbyterians of Ireland. The stream in the foreground of the picture is the famous Orontes. The fortifications which dominate the town were erected by Ibrahim Pasha. The streets are narrow and crooked, and it is difficult to believe that this squalid town is the successor of that city of brilliant Greek civilization which fills so large a place in history.

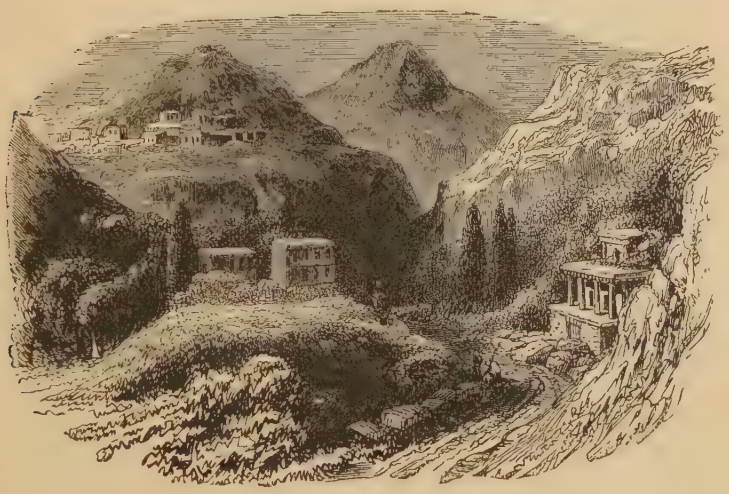
We cannot follow in detail the many wanderings for many years of the apostle. With a burning zeal, with a passionate charity that knows no wearying or surcease, he goes everywhere preaching the Word. Sailing from Antioch with his fellow-missionary Barnabas, the first land he reaches is Cyprus, which, after many vicissitudes, is now in the possession of Great Britain.

The island is about 140 miles in length, by a breadth of 40 miles at its widest part. Its population, which, under the Venetians, was over 1,000,000, under the misrule of the Turks has dwindled to one-fifth of that number, of whom two-thirds are Greeks, and the rest Moslems, Maronites, Jews, Armenians, and Roman Catholics. The Greek Church in the island was made independent by the Council of Ephesus, in the fifth century, and so it has remained to this day.

This fair and fertile island lies in the extreme north-east angle of the Mediterranean, about 65 miles from the Syrian coast, and 44 miles south of Asia Minor. Through its centre runs the mountain range, rising to a height of over 6,000 feet, known to the ancients as Olympus—not, however, the fabled residence of the gods, which was another mountain of the same name in Macedon and Thessaly. Famagousta, a commodious port under the Venetians, under Turkish neglect has been so choked up as to hold only about a dozen small craft. Larnaka, where the consuls and foreign merchants reside, is the chief port. Turkish oppression and tax-farming have greatly injured the island, but under British administration it is recovering a degree, at least, of its former prosperity. The column to which St. Paul, it is alleged, was bound and then scourged, for preaching in the island, is still shown. "At Famagousta, in the midst of the dust and ruins of houses and palaces," writes Lady Brassey, "once containing a population of 300,000 souls, are now to be found a few miserable mud huts, the habitation of some 300 people. Three churches remain standing where there were once 200; and in the streets only a few cadaverous-looking creatures may be seen gliding about like ghosts." The predominant features were ruin, desolation, and dirt. The once capacious harbour is now choked with rubbish. The ancient port of Kyrenia, shown in the engraving, is a charming spot, but smitten with the fever. The natives say the very dogs in the streets die of it.

KYRENIA, CYPRUS.

Returning to the mainland, Paul and Barnabas wander through the highlands of Pamphylia, Lycaonia, Pisidia—in perils of robbers, in perils of waters, in perils in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren, in persecutions many, in fastings oft. After another journey to Jerusalem, as delegate to the first General Christian Council, Paul resolves to revisit the churches planted amid the mountain regions of Asia Minor. "Let us go again," he said to Barnabas, "and visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the Word of the Lord, and see how they do" (Acts xv. 36). Here, parting with



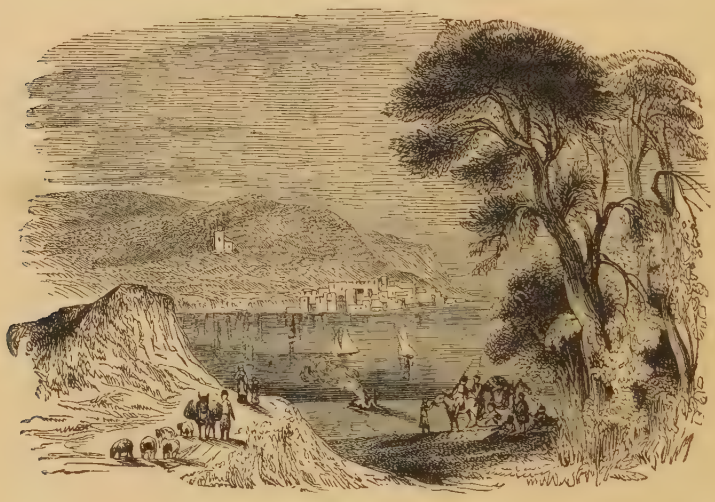
Colosse.

Barnabas, Paul and Silas journey to Derbe, Lystra, Iconium and Colosse, the latter then a populous city, now a straggling ruined village, half buried among towering mountains, as shown in our engraving.

Through Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Bithynia, the intrepid missionaries journeyed till they came to Troas—whose wide-spread plains for ten long years had echoed with the world's debate around the walls of Troy. The great apostle, with his taste and learning, could not but be moved by the scene made memorable forever by the world's greatest poem. Of Troy, nought but the ruin mounds now remain. The great features of nature are unchanged—the golden sunshine falls, the

sapphire seas expand, Mount Ida lifts its lofty head, the twin streams—Scamander and Simois—blend their kindred waves. But only in art and poesy linger the legends of the heroes who have conferred immortal fame on the desolate site.

Here the vision of the man of Macedonia summons the Apostle of the Gentiles to the shores of Europe, where his first welcome is to the prison of Philippi. Undeterred by this rude greeting he fares on to Thessalonica—then as now an important port with a large Jewish population. It is now called Salonica, and has a population of 70,000, of whom half are



THESSALONICA.

Jews. Its terraced slopes to-day present, doubtless, much the same appearance as greeted the eyes of St. Paul. The very pulpit in which he is said to have preached is still shown to the credulous tourist.

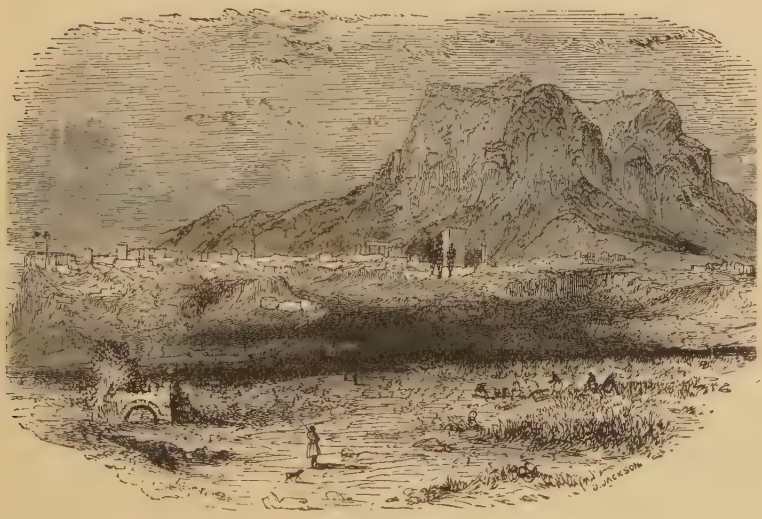
We next find the apostle in the very seat and centre of ancient learning, in Athens—

> "The eye of Greece and mother of arts
> And eloquence."

What emotions must have filled his soul as he beheld the city wholly given to idolatry, and as in the market-place and on Mars'-hill he reasoned concerning a loftier philosophy than that of Socrates and Plato, and preached to the Athenians Jesus

and the Resurrection. Of this famous city and its associations we have recently given an account in this MAGAZINE.

The eager apostle's unwearying feet press on to Corinth, the rival in pomp and pride and luxury of Athens. But even here, where Satan's seat was, a Christian Church is established, and Priscilla and Aquila greatly help him in the Gospel. Here he remains for eighteen months and writes both his Epistles to the Thessalonians, and here he afterwards wrote the Epistles to the Galatians and the Romans. The world-famous city in Paul's day was ten miles in circuit, and its



CORINTH.

splendour gave its name to the most elegant style of Grecian architecture. Of its stately temples naught now remains save a few crumbling ruins. Instead of its once teeming population a few petty traders carry on a petty trade in dried fruit, wheat and oil. The Acro-Corinthus, its famous citadel-cliff, still dominates the entire plain from the height of two thousand feet. But the temple of Venus, with which it was crowned, and the worship of Venus, for which it was famed, have both vanished from the earth.

After returning for a brief season to Jerusalem, the unresting evangelist sets forth on his third missionary journey. In the great city of Ephesus, with its exquisite temple of Diana—the

costliest structure on the earth*—we next find him. For two years and three months he preached and prayed and laboured, and the Word of God mightily grew and prevailed, so much so that the trade of Demetrius the shrine-maker seriously fell off. Hence followed the tumult in which the apostle "fought with wild beasts." Here, in later days, both Timothy and St. John the Divine completed their labours, and gave their bodies to the care of mother-earth. Of this city, its temples and its ruins, we have recently given illustrations in this MAGAZINE.

CRETE.

The care of all the churches coming upon him daily, the apostle proceeds to revisit the brethren at Philippi, Macedonia, Achaia, Berea and Corinth; admonishing, reproving, exhorting, and confirming believers in the faith; and then makes his last visit to Jerusalem. The persecutions of zealot Jews, the tumult in the temple, the rescue by Lycias, the arraignment before Felix, Festus and Agrippa, the appeal unto Cæsar—upon these we may not dwell. At length the aged apostle fares forth upon his last journey towards Rome, which he had long desired to make; but it is as a fettered prisoner—how strangely our prayers oftentimes are answered! Of the stormy voyage, with

*One picture, by Appelles, was purchased for this temple at a cost of £38,750.

its strange vicissitudes of wrecks and rescue, we may not here write at length. After tossing about many days and nights they take refuge in the Fair Havens, a port of the Island of Crete—now Candia—once famous for its hundred cities, its lofty mountains, its fertile vales, its mendacious people.

"The history of Crete," says a recent traveller, "presents as rugged features as does its broken surface. It lies almost equally distant from Greece, Asia Minor, and the North Coast of Africa, and so belongs, geographically, to three continents, whose winds beat upon its shores. It is 160 miles long, east and west, and 35 miles across at its broadest point, north and south. A continuous mountain-range runs through its entire length, rising in Mount Ida to the height of 7,674 feet. The restless, tumultuous waves, that beat unceasingly upon the rocky coast, are typical of the almost ceaseless strife and tumult that have characterized the troubled history of the island. The people seem never to have been easy to govern ; they are not to-day. In the seventeenth century we read of a siege by the Turks that lasted twenty-four years, in which 31,000 Christians and 118,000 Turks were killed or wounded. The island has a population to-day of about 200,000, one-fourth of whom are Mohammedans and three-fourths Christians, not counting a considerable number of Jews."

It was because the centurion having Paul in charge refused to follow his advice to winter at Fair Havens, instead of continuing the journey to Rome, that they suffered that terrible shipwreck on the Island of Malta. The apostle's stay among the Cretans at this time was long enough to excite in him an interest for their salvation. He doubtless preached Christ among them, and then travelled on to Rome. After his release from his first imprisonment, he remembered these islanders, who sadly needed the Gospel, and went again to them, taking with him his disciple Titus. Him he left in Crete to continue and establish his own work. The Epistle of Paul to Titus may be considered as a letter written to the Cretan Christians, as well as to this one of Paul's converts. It will be a blessed day for Crete when the exhortations of this letter shall have their due power over the lives of her people.

From a reference in the writings of Josephus, the Jewish historian, it seems extremely probable that he was himself a passenger on the Alexandrian corn-ship with the apostle, and a witness of his heroism. He speaks of Felix sending certain prisoners to Rome to plead their cause before Cæsar, with whom he took ship, and was wrecked in the Adriatic, rescued by a

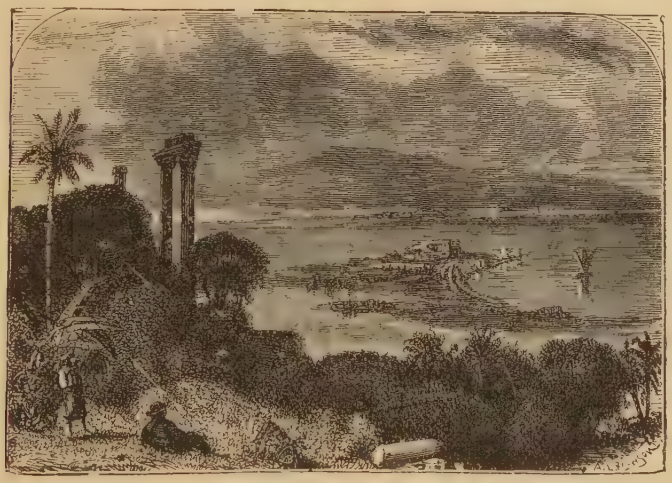
ship of Cyrene and carried to Puteoli. This was precisely the route of St. Paul.

Sailing through the Straits of Messina, after the shipwreck at Miletus, the apostle reaches the beautiful Bay of Naples—Vesuvius rising in vine-clad beauty, Capri and Ischia smiling over the violet sea, and Herculaneum and Pompeii sleeping in quiet grandeur at the foot of the mountain, soon to be overwhelmed by its volcanic ejections. The Cape of Misenum, shown in our engraving, forms the nearer end of the great sickle-like sweep of the matchless bay. St. Paul landed at the great mole of Puteoli, whose ruins strike the tourist as an evidence of Roman energy, for this was the great grain port of Rome—the Liverpool of the ancient London.

Temple of Serapis.

It was also in St. Paul's day the chief depôt of the corn-ships, and trade in spices, silks, ivory, and oriental luxuries from Egypt and the remoter East. Here he "found brethren," probably Jewish converts from Alexandria or Jerusalem. Here was early established a Christian Church, and in the third century, Januarius, its bishop, was, by the orders of Diocletian, exposed to wild beasts in its vast amphitheatre. This is one of the most perfect in Italy. The dens of the lions and leopards, the cells of the gladiators, and the subterranean passages and conduits can be distinctly seen. Even more interesting is the ruined temple of Serapis. The oscillations of level are shown by the

water-marks and borings of marine worms on the surface of the ancient columns of the temple, which are shown in the accompanying engraving. Across the bay was the famous Baiæ—a fashionable Roman watering-place—with the marine villa of Nero, the imperial butcher, before whom the apostle was soon to stand. "Nothing in the world," says Horace, "can be compared with the lovely bay of Baiæ." Even in its ruinous state this once gay Roman pleasure scene deserves all the praise which can be given it. The whole region abounds with the ruins of temples, and of the palaces and villas of the ancient masters of the world. On a glorious summer day the present



Cape Misenum.

writer visited this memory-haunted spot. The view from the rocky Cape Misenum was superb—the lovely Bay of Baja, in the offing the volcanic islands of the Procida and Ischia, and at my feet a gloomy lake in an old crater called *Mare Morto*, the Sea of Death.

After a few days' delay, Paul, the prisoner of Jesus, is hurried on to Rome. At Appii Forum, fifty miles from the imperial city, he is met by a band of Christians, come from Rome to greet him, and at the Three Taverns, ten miles further on, by another. So on they fared, through the lovely Campania, the passes of the Alban hills, the villa-studded plain about the city, over the tomb-bordered Appian Way, along which thundered

the legions which conquered the world. As they approach the gates of the city it becomes more difficult to thread their way through the throngs of eager travellers. The busy scene is vividly described in the lines of Milton:—

> "What conflux issuing forth, or entering in;
> Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces
> Hasting, or on return, in robes of state;
> Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,
> Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings;
> Or embassies from regions far remote,
> In various habits on the Appian Road."

Proceeding through the vast suburbs, beneath the frowning arch of the Capuan Gate, through the narrow streets, they reach the golden milestone in the Forum—the very heart of Rome. On every side rise stupendous temples, palaces and villas, arches and colonnades. Now only shattered shafts and crumbling capitals of their ruins remain. The chained apostle was probably first conveyed to the barracks of the Prætorean Guard, but was afterwards permitted to dwell in his own hired house "with the soldier that kept him"—probably in the crowded Jewish quarter by the side of the Tiber. But though bound day and night to his armed guard, the Word of God was not bound, and for two whole years Paul "dwelt in his own house, and received all that came unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him," and even in Cæsar's household converts were made. To this period we owe the Epistles to the Philippians, the Ephesians, to Philemon, to the Colossians, and probably also that to the Hebrews—what a precious legacy to the Church for all time to come from the hired house of a prisoner in the crowded Ghetto of Rome!

Here the narrative of Luke fails us. It is only from hints in the Epistles, and in secular writings, that we infer the apostle's subsequent history. In A.D. 61, there is reason to believe, he was arraigned before the cruel monster Nero—the "little hook-nosed Jew," as the scoffing Lucian calls him,*

* He elsewhere speaks of him as "the bald-headed and long-nosed Galilean, who mounted through the air into the third heaven."—See Withrow's "Catacombs," p. 337.—*Note.*

before the master of the world. But, how we know not, God delivers him "out of the mouth of the lion," and Paul once more is free. With an impassioned zeal—though aged and infirm—he visits his beloved churches in Colosse, Laodicea and Ephesus. Then turning his eyes to the far west, where he had long desired to preach the Gospel, he is said, by early tradition, to have visited Spain, and, it is even contended, reached Britain and traversed the streets of the ancient Londinium—the modern London. The tradition, however, has no trustworthy foundation.

In A.D. 66, we find him again in Ephesus, thence by way of Crete he proceeds to Nicopolis. Here he was probably again

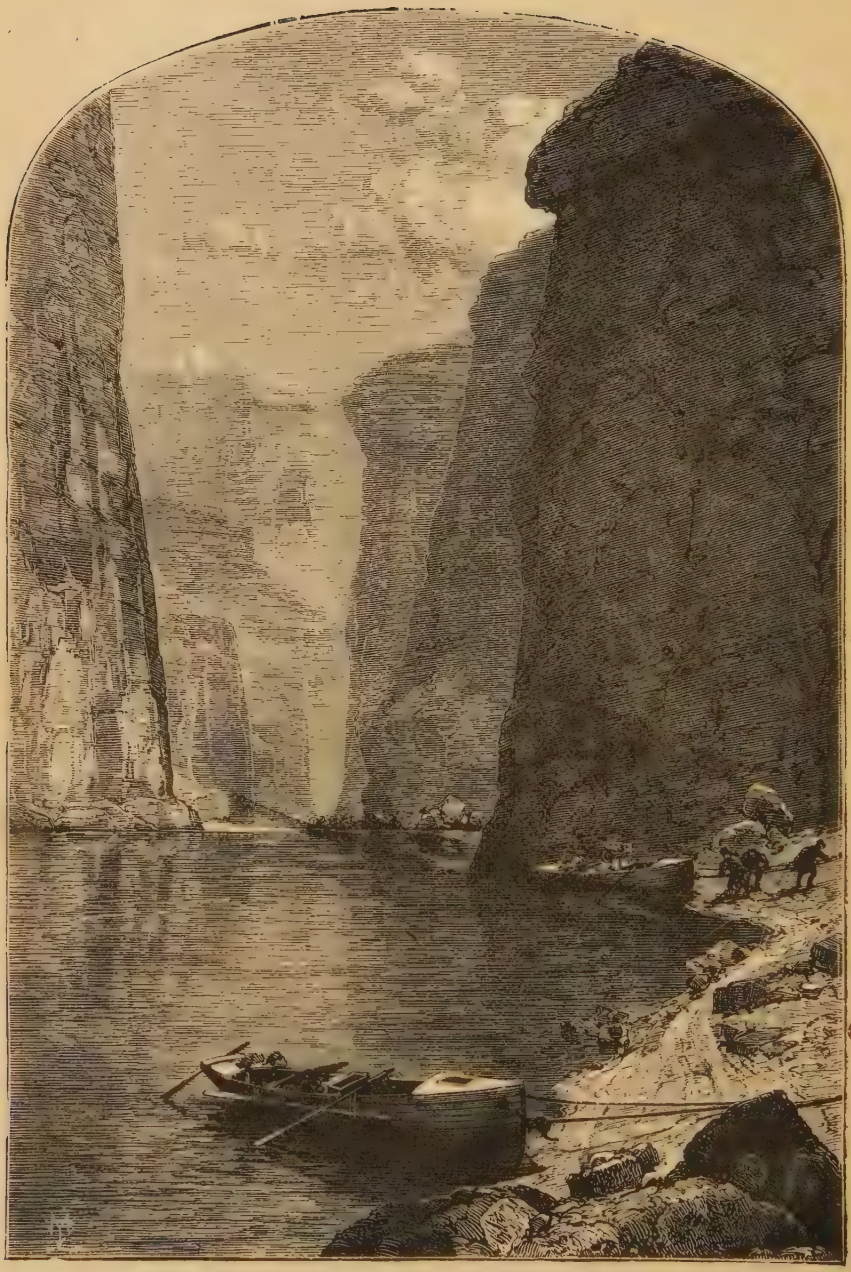
The Appian Way.

arrested and sent prisoner to Rome. But now no indulgence was granted. He was thrust, says tradition, into the lowermost dungeon of the Mammertine prison. No wonder Paul, in its chill, damp dungeon, longed for the warm winter cloak as well as for the parchments which he had left at Troas. There he wrote his last epistle—the second to Timothy. His trial took place probably in one of the vast halls of the Forum, whose outlines may still be traced. The venerable apostle, bending beneath the weight of eight and sixty years of toil and travel, stands again before the bar of Nero. Though all men forsake him, the Lord stands by him and comforts him. He is ready to be offered up. He has fought the fight and kept the faith; the crown of righteousness gleams bright in view.

Brief is the trial and prompt the condemnation and execution. He is hurried without the gate, and as his head is smitten from his body his glorified spirit joins the noble army of martyrs and the goodly fellowship of the apostles.

It was on a beautiful spring day that I drove out to the reputed scene of the martyrdom of St. Paul. About three miles from the Ostian Gate, on a level spot begirt with low, rounded hills, is the ancient abbey of the Three Fountains. Once a rich and famous monastery with a numerous fraternity of monks, the deadly malaria has compelled its almost utter abandonment. Only a few pale Trappists now occupy the cells and observe the austere ritual of their order. A tall, grave brother, robed in a coarse serge gown, told in a low, sad voice the story of the fading frescoes and crumbling mosaics. The chief interest centres in the Church of the Three Fountains. It takes its name from the legend, that when the apostle's head was smitten off by the sword of the executioner, it made three bounds upon the ground, and that at each place where the severed head touched the earth, a miraculous fountain burst forth. In confirmation of this legend, there are shown within the church three wells, surrounded with beautiful white marble enclosures. With a long-handled ladle, the monk dipped into one of the wells, and with a courteous bow, offered me a draught of the sacred water. It was pure and limpid, but I am afraid that my lack of faith prevented my deriving from it the spiritual benefit which it is supposed to convey. In proof of the truth of the tradition, it is asserted that the first of these fountains is warm, the second tepid, the third cold; but I did not care to try the patience of my courteous guide by an exhibition of heretic doubt.

Over each of the fountains is a marble altar decorated with a bas-relief of the head of the apostle. The first is full of life, with a rapt expression of victorious martyrdom. In the second, the shadows of death already cover the noble features. In the third, the face is stricken with the icy rigours of the tomb. Despite the puerile tradition, one cannot but feel the spell of hallowed association rest upon his soul at the thought that in all probability he is near the spot where the hero-soul looked its last on earth, and through the swift pang of martyrdom went home in triumph to the skies.



Noon-day Rest in Marble Canyon

THE CANYONS OF THE COLORADO.*

Echo Rock.

The Colorado Basin, which, on account of its general elevation, is called the Colorado Plateau, is that part of the Great West drained by the Colorado River and its tributaries. The whole area is about eight hundred miles in length, and varies from three hundred to five hundred miles in breadth, containing about three hundred thousand square miles. The Rocky Mountain Range, "the Switzerland of America," forms the eastern boundary of the plateau; the Basin Range System, the western. With the scenery along the iron trail of the Union Pacific Railroad most of us are, from photographs and pictures, more or less familiar; but the region south of this line of travel is strikingly different in topographic features, which are in many respects unique, some not being reproduced, except to a very limited extent, on any other portion of the globe. Could one be elevated to a sufficient height above the plateau, he would see beneath him a great plain, bounded on every side by mountain ranges; here and there isolated mountain masses, rising like islands from a rocky sea; "defiant peaks, where eternal snows and silence and mystery brood over the secrets of nature."

*For the beautiful engravings which illustrate this article we are indebted to the courtesy of Major J. W. Powell, of the United States Army, who personally conducted the Government Survey herein described, under the direction of the late Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington.—Ed.

The most interesting element of the strange scene now claims the attention. A land of canyons! The profound chasm of the Colorado River scores with tortuous course throughout the entire length of the greatest diameter of the elevated plateau.

GRAND CANYON, LOOKING EAST FROM TO-RO-WEAP.

At the bottom of this Grand Canyon, from three thousand to six thousand feet below the general level of the plain, the river wanders, lashing its confines of precipitous rock for hundreds of miles. More than this: not only has the Colorado cut for

itself a canyon, but every river entering has cut a canyon; every lateral creek has cut a canyon; every brook runs in a canyon; every rill born of a passing shower has cut a canyon. So that the whole tableland is traversed and meshed by a labyrinth of these deep gorges. The wonderful elaboration and diversity with which this work has been done is only equalled by the vast scale on which the plan was laid. The extent and the complexity of the system of canyons is simply wonderful. Some portions of the plateau are cut into shreds by these gigantic chasms. Belts of country, miles in width, have been swept away, leaving only isolated mountains standing in the gap; fissures so profound, that the eye cannot penetrate their depths, are separated by walls whose thickness can almost be spanned: and slender spires shoot up a thousand feet from vaults below.

After the canyons, the next feature characteristic of the country is the long cliffs of erosion, called mesa-walls. These are bold escarpments, often hundreds or thousands of feet in altitude; great geographical steps, scores or hundreds of miles in length.

The region is further diversified by short ranges of eruptive mountains. There are many centres of volcanic action, from which floods of lava have poured, covering mesas of tablelands with sheets of black basalt. The expiring energies of these volcanic agencies have piled up huge cinder-cones, that stand along the fissures, red, brown, and black, and naked of vegetation,—conspicuous landmarks, set as they are in contrast to the bright, variegated rocks of sedimentary origin. The surface stretching drearily between the elevated points in the picture, is arid and desert-like,—barren wastes of rock and sand, nowhere continuous forests or protecting mantles of grass; only here and there dwarfed pines and cedars, or scattered sage-bush of dusky hue, and threads of green along the streams.

This bird's-eye view inspires a sense of greatest desolation. But there is a certain grandeur about the scene; it is so fearlessly pronounced and savagely peaceful in its desolation, so "sullenly sublime" in its barren heights and depths, that one would exclaim, with a recent traveller in a desert waste: "What divine affluence, what magnificent abandonment is here! How rich must nature be to afford to throw away so much!" Perhaps no portion of the earth's surface is so irremediably sterile,

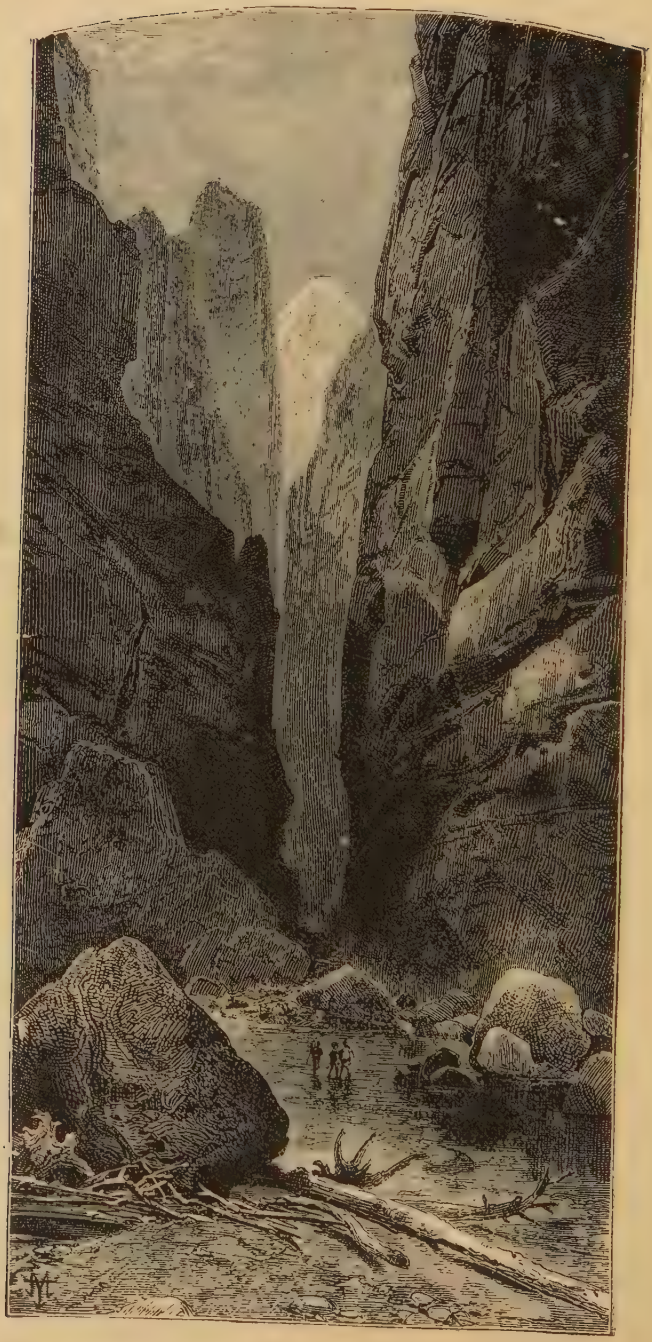
CLIMBING THE GRAND CANYON.

none more helplessly lost to human occupation. Although there is an awful sort of enchantment to this distant view, it is increased on coming nearer; then only will some of the mountains don their "purple hue." Around the margin of the plateau, at the immediate bases of the mountains, the traveller will behold many scenes of beauty and fertility, strikingly in contrast with the aspect of the country nearer the river. Here are unlimited districts deserving our highest encomiums, — regions of green and flowery mountain valleys, of clear and copious streams, magnificent forests. Here the atmosphere is of unrivalled purity, and the climate delightfully tempered. It is curious to mark the gradations by which the foliage of the valleys disappears as the mountain sides

are ascended. The aspen, trembling with some unspoken terror, gives out first; the sturdy pine keeps on, undaunted by colder airs and a rocky footing, for a while, but at last "cowers towards the earth, becomes cramped and distorted," lags behind, and falls out of the march. "Timber-line" is now passed, and

Camp at Flaming Gorge.

there remain only a few scant grasses, brave little flowers, and small lichen-like plants, which keep along almost to the summit. "*Hæc fabula docet*"—something! At this point one is reminded to how great an extent the language of a people is influenced by the scenery to which they are accustomed. In



PA-RU-NU-WEAP CANYON.

this land of many mountains a man with a bald head is described as having his head above "timber-line."

The mineral treasures, of which the sedimentary rocks of the plateau furnish almost none, are here found; and here will be congregated the mining population, whose business it will be through future ages to extract the wealth with which many of these mountain ranges are stored. Then what a turning and twisting these peaceful little streams will get! Somebody, describing gulch-mining, says: "It is impossible to give one who has seen nothing of the kind an idea of the fearful transformation which this process works in a clear, beautiful mountain stream; of the violence, cruelty, and remorselessness with which the greedy miner heads it off, backs it up, commits highway robbery upon it,—'your gold or your life!'—how he tortures and ruffles it, and rolls it, by panning, sluicing, and shaft-sinking,—till its own pure mother-fountain, up among the eternal snows, wouldn't know her much-abused daughter."

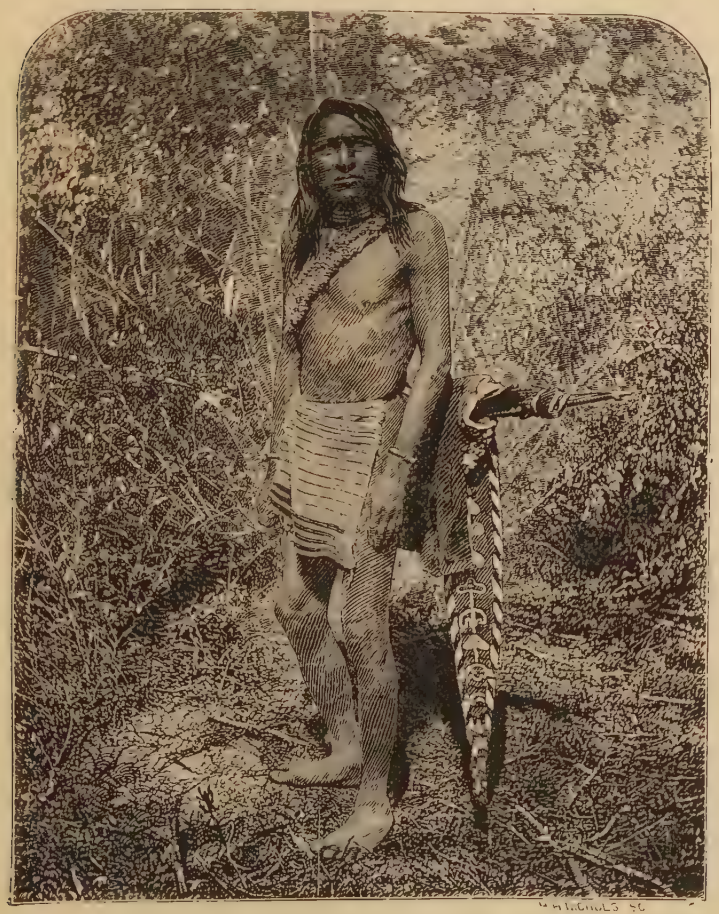
A mere pleasure-seeking tourist would be content to rest awhile in these charming nooks, breathing the marvellous air, which seems pulsing with an influx of new life, fearing no sting or hint of dampness from the balmy evening breezes; or perhaps basking in the excess of sunshine, which is so remarkable here, preferring to *look* magnificent distances than to plod with weary feet, or to jolt and jerk on the back of a weary mule, over them in search of new wonders. Not so the geologist. To him his possessed knowledge is never "well enough." To him this vast stretch of plateau land, the simplicity of its structure, the thoroughness of its drainage, which rarely permits detritus to accumulate in its valleys, its barrenness, and the wonderful natural sections exposed in its canyons, conspire to render it a very paradise! There he can examine in visible contact the strata of nearly the entire geological series for hundreds of miles. Stay and laze? Not he. So, with the enthusiasm of a boy starting out to fly his first kite on the green, this curious species of the human family—this geologist—sets out on a toilsome and perilous journey of months. When his feet sink at every step in the soft bed of disintegrated marls, as in a bed of ashes, he is repaid by their rich and variegated colouring. The limestones are carved by the drifting sand with a net-work of vermicular grooves into the most beautiful and intricate ara-

besque designs. And right here, foot-sore and weary, perhaps with lips cracked and bleeding from the arid heat of the plain, the man of science will stand and reason it all out on this wise: "In humid regions the traces of sand action are seldom seen;

SUMNER'S AMPHITHEATRE.

partly because dry, volatile sands are of rare occurrence. But in arid climates, where the power of frost is greatly lessened, and vegetation does not suffice to protect the soil from the winds, sand and dust are in almost continual motion, and the cumulative effect of this incessant impact is very considerable.

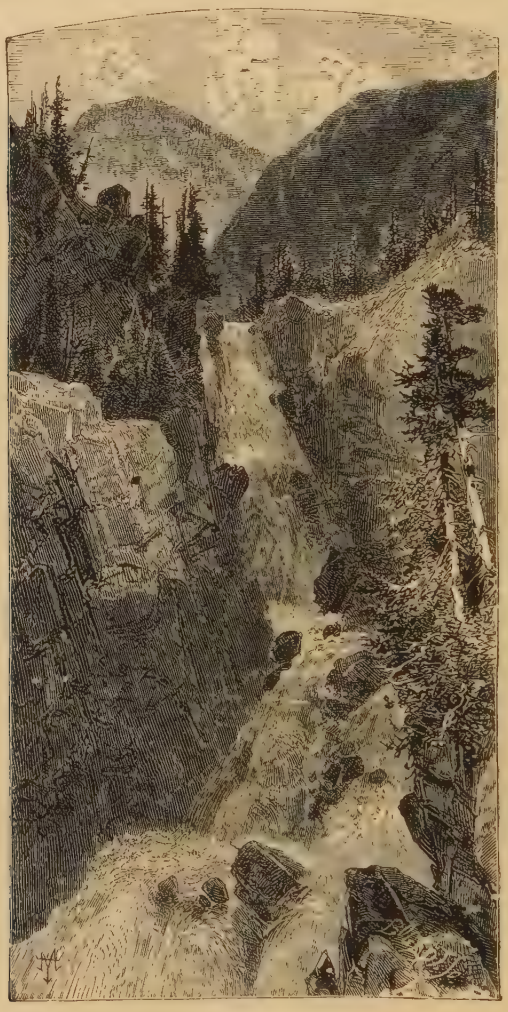
In passes and in contracting valleys, where the wind is focused, and its velocity augmented, the most conspicuous results will, of course, be seen; but no little work is accomplished on broad plains, where its normal force only is felt."



Pa-ri-ats—Indian Guide.

As the traveller approaches the broad valleys farther on, he is surprised and puzzled as the most grotesque and weird rock masses loom into view; shapes resembling monuments of Titanic art,—sometimes assuming immense proportions, like Cyclopean structures, then lighter forms, like half-ruined Gothic cathedrals. These are *buttes*, huge outliers of stratified rock of the most varied and curious shapes, often three, four, and five hundred

feet in altitude. Here are lofty pinnacles, seeming to totter on slender bases; designs having regular outlines, thin sides, ver-



Mary's Veil

tical walls, broken by deep re-entering angles; massive, dome-like and conical mounds. If—

> "The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
> And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
> Wrought in a sad sincerity,"

what shall be said of the Architect of these mighty structures?

"It seems as though a thousand battles had been fought on the plains, on which each giant-hero had reared a monument, compared with which Bunker Hill is but a mile-stone." Nor do these strange forms depend alone upon their proportions to excite an awful admiration. The artist gods must have seized the rainbow tints from the sky, and imbedded them in these rocky prisons, with a demoniac scorn that a sign of promise should span this stretch of horrible desolation. The buttes, composed of gypsiferous strata, are of many hues, from light gray to slate, then pink, purple, and brown. The morning sun shines in splendour on the pointed faces of orange and vermilion sandstone masses, the salient angles on fire, the re-entering angles buried in warm shadows.

At a distance, cliff escarpments of this sandstone appear as long banks of purple clouds piled high into the heavens. The cause of this scenic element is undeniably the result of erosion; indeed, the whole of the Colorado plateau is justly regarded as the most magnificent example on the face of the earth of how much the land may have its features altered by the agency of running water.

A WISH.

O, to have dwelt in Bethlehem
When the Star of the Lord shone bright!
To have sheltered the holy wanderers
On that blessed Christmas night;
To have kissed the tender, wayworn feet
Of the mother undefiled,
And, with reverent wonder and deep delight,
To have tended the Holy Child!

Hush! such a glory was not for thee:
But that care may still be thine,
For are there not little ones still to aid
For the sake of the Child divine?
Are there no wandering pilgrims now
To thy heart and thy home to take?
And are there no mothers whose weary hearts
You can comfort for Jesus' sake?

—*Adelaide Proctor.*

AMONG THE ZUNI.

Among the most striking objects of interest at the World's Fair at New Orleans were a number of models of the strange structures of the Zuni people at Peublo and elsewhere in New Mexico. Comparatively little was known of their inhabitants till Mr. Frank Cushing, a gentleman on the scientific staff of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, made a tour of exploration among them, lived for some months in their houses, gained their confidence, learned their language, and published in the *Century Magazine* a very interesting and well illustrated account of his adventures among the Zuni. Their villages seem like one vast continuous structure, and are thus described by Mr. Cushing:

"Imagine," he says, "numerous long, box-shaped adobe (sun-dried brick) ranches connected with one another, in extended rows and squares, with others piled upon them lengthways and crossways, in two, three, even six stories, each receding from the one below it, like the steps of a broken stair-flight—as it were a gigantic pyramidal mud honey-comb with far outstretching base—and you can gain a fair conception of the architecture of the Zuni. Everywhere this structure bristled with ladder-poles, chimneys and rafters. The ladders were long and heavy, and leaned at all angles against the roofs. The chimneys were made of bottomless earthen pots set one upon the other and cemented with mud. Wonderfully like the holes of an ant-hill seemed the little windows and doorways which everywhere pierced the walls of this gigantic habitation; and like ant-hills themselves seemed the curious little round-capped ovens which stood here and there along these walls or on the terraced edges."

The Zuni are an Indian tribe of a considerable degree of civilization. They cultivate the soil with a remarkable success and keep in corrals or stock-yards of cedar posts and sticks a large quantity of sheep and cattle, and raise numerous fowls.

The bird's-eye view of the village from the topmost story is thus described: "Spread out below were the blocks of smoothly plastered, flat-roofed adobe houses, red and yellow as the miles of plain from which they rose, pierced by many a black sky-

AMONG THE ZUNI.

hole and ladder-poles, and smoke-bannered chimneys were everywhere to be seen. The whole mass was threaded through and through by narrow, often crooked, passage ways or streets, some like tunnels, leading under the houses from court to court, or street to street.

"Strangely out of keeping with the general characteristics of the Indian race were the busy scenes around the smoky pueblo or village. All over the terraces were women, some busy in the alleys or at the corners below husking great heaps of many-coloured corn, buried to their bushy black bare heads in the golden husks, while children romped in and out, over and under the flaky piles. Others, bringing the grain up the ladders in blankets strapped over their foreheads, spread it out on the terraced roofs to dry. Many in little groups were cutting up peaches, placing them upon squares of white cloth, or slicing pumpkins into long spiral ropes. In one place a woman was gracefully decorating some newly-made jars with heaps of the rude but exquisite bric-a-brac scattered around her—while over, in a convenient shadow, sat an old blind man, busy spinning on his knee with a quaint bobbin-shaped spindle-whorl."

The Zuni are especially skilful in the manufacture of earthenware. The shapes of their pottery are graceful, and the decorative designs with which they are ornamented are particularly elegant. They are well burned in kilns made for the purpose. The character of some of these will be observed in our engraving.

In order to study their manners, customs and institutions, Mr. Cushing took up his abode among them for some time, and was on the whole treated with much kindness. They were much averse, however, to have him sketch their portraits, as they conceived that some disastrous effect would result therefrom. When sketching some of their strange dances and religious ceremonies, a good deal of opposition, not without some show of violence, was exhibited. For the feasts accompanying these religious rites great preparations were made. "Oxen," says Mr. Cushing, "were slaughtered by the dozen, and sheep by the hundred." The dancers wore hideous masks in the shape of the heads of hogs and other animals.

The superior intelligence of these people warrants the opinion that they would well repay missionary effort for their conver-

sion to Christianity and Christian civilization. We believe that before long an earnest endeavour will be made in this direction.

Mr. Cushing lived among them long enough to study their strange habits and to win their confidence. Then a few of them accompanied him on his journey home, allowed people to look at them, and carried back some water from the Atlantic Ocean for a strange rite of their own.

The rooms are large, as shown in our engraving; the walls whitewashed and the floor of plastered mud. Their water jars are finely decorated. They show such taste and skill in their pottery that if they lived in the north we should call them "china crazed." The women in the left-hand corner of the cut are grinding corn, and the string of dried fruit upon the wall opposite is probably of peaches, of which they have a great abundance.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

"Thou hast received gifts for men."—Psa. lxviii. 18.

Christmas gifts for thee,
Fair and free!
Precious things from the heavenly store,
Filling thy casket more and more;
Golden love in divinest chain,
That never can be untwined again.
Silvery carols of joy that swell
Sweetest of all in the heart's lone cell,
Pearls of peace that we sought for thee
In the terrible depths of a fiery sea,
Diamond promises sparkling bright,
Flashing in farthest reaching light.

Christmas gifts for thee,
Grand and free!
Christmas gifts from the King of love,
Brought from His royal home above;
Brought to thee in the far-off land,
Brought to thee by His own dear hand.
Promises held by Christ for thee,
Peace as a river flowing free,
Joy that in His own joy must live,
And love that Infinite Love can give,
Surely thy heart of hearts uplifts
Carols of praise for such Christmas gifts.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

WESLEY AND HIS HELPERS.

BY THE LATE THOMAS GUARD, D.D.

II.

Wesley was pre-eminently a worker; not a speculator; not a theorist; not a transcendental dreamer; not a weaver of gossamer webs upon which to float away into regions of self-absorbing study, whither the grim monsters of human sin and anguish cannot intrude, and whither the dusky-winged spectres of want and crime cannot roam. He was not born for the closet of the sage, with its atmosphere thronged with the dancing atomies of dry-as-dust antiquarianism; nor was he born for the cell of the metaphysical wrangler, whose huge strugglings seek to wrest from the mysterious entity called Being the secret things which Plato longed to see, and Pascal sighed to own.

No; Wesley was not to shine as a bright particular star in the galaxy of so-called philosophic ages; though to deem him unequal to the pursuit and unfitted for the acquisition of such truths were to do him grievous wrong. His calling demanded from him the sternest self-denial in the surrender of pursuits altogether classic and sage-like in their qualities and results. But he lived to work—not to theorize, or dream, or speculate. To save men—this was the purpose of his life. And by its fitness to further this end, every study, every friendship, every recreation, was at once tested as to its intrinsic value. He was, in this respect, eminently a utilitarian.

To turn wasteful lives into useful ones; to transform semi-savage dwellings into Christian homesteads; to lift debauchery from its mire and filth and bestialism into honour, self-respect, and manhood; to pour the light rays of knowledge athwart the thick darkness of untrained broods of grimy, swarthy, factory and mining families, and thus fit them for the duties of life, the service of God, and the pure joys of heaven; to win the ruffian from his life of crime; to turn the drunkard from his swine-like habits; to lift his dear Old England into the healthful, honourable, blessed place of Sabbath-keeping, of home

piety, of manly uprightness, of gentle manners, of loving tempers, and of generous sympathies and deeds—this was Wesley's aim and mission.

A quenchless passion for saving souls burned upon the altar of his spirit. A consecration all but seraphic impelled him along his flinty, arduous career. Only such a love for men as Christianity can inspire could have sustained him in his never-halting, never-wearying, never-murmuring course. Only the gladness of spirit begotten of devotion to such a Master as Christ could have flung its lustrous and exhilarant light across his nature and along his path ; rendering him ever a centre of repose to vexed hearts, and a fount of peace to such as had felt the irritations of a world of endless chafing, and of ceaseless strife.

I am amazed as I contemplate the man's power of work. Rest he scarce ever dreamed of. He economized time as with a miser's parsimoniousness. He experimented upon his need of sleep, and finally discovered the art of going to bed but to sleep, and waking but to rise. Like Wellington who, when asked why, in Walmer Castle, he slept upon a couch so narrow that he had scarce room to turn on it, replied, "When I turn, it is only to turn out." So with Wesley. At ten o'clock he went to sleep ; at four o'clock he woke and rose. At five o'clock he was in his pulpit, beginning the first sermon of the day ; before that day closed he had preached three times, and ridden on horseback sixty miles.

Travelling then was not the sumptuous luxury it is to-day, in this highly favoured locomotive age and country, with its palace cars, its sleeping-berths, its glowing stoves, its cushioned seats. Roads in England had not yet been macadamized. This man rode on horseback in all weathers ; frequently setting out from London for the north in winter, amid snow-storms and pelting rains, undeterred and undismayed—cheerful as a lark in summer morn, and brave as a Spartan hero on his way to crush his Persian foes. And this all the year round ! Eighteen hours' work and six hours' slumber !

He visits the societies of London from house to house. He meets his class on Thursday for counsel and encouragement. He corresponds with his converts and preaches throughout the United Kingdom. He reads all the literature of the day. He

publishes a "monthly magazine." He writes and issues tracts on popular duties or sins or needs. He is sick in Bristol and confined to his room; but, with such strength as remains, he translates a commentary on the New Testament, from the Latin of the famous Bengel, upon which is based "Wesley's Notes on the New Testament." He writes four volumes upon Natural Philosophy, for some time a class-book in Trinity College, Dublin. He translates hymns for his congregations, and corrects, with chastened skill and care, the exuberant poems of his brother Charles. He compiles histories of Greece and Rome for his school at Kingswood. He compiles and publishes English, French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew grammars. He issues an edition of eminent Christian authors, consisting of some sixty volumes, containing the marrow of English divinity and the strength of English composition.

He meets his preachers for instruction and sympathy, not only in annual, but also in monthly conferences. He is alive to all that can affect or interest humanity—politically, benevolently, religiously. He writes replies to the many and manifold charges hurled at him by bishops, rectors, editors, and nondescript critics afflicted with the disease of scribbling. Riding on horseback or in chaise, his book is ever in his hand; or, if the scenery and spot be historic, his eye is wakeful to detect the glories of landscape, the beauties of mansions, or the site of battles fought by warriors or by freemen.

I am terrified by the quantity of labour performed by this small man. One cannot imagine more work squeezed and packed into a human life than he compressed into his. There was orderliness and system, even to the extreme of stern rigidness. He planned with a luminous and far-reaching ken. Men had learned to rely upon his engagements. They looked for him even as the astronomer for the precise return of a planet. Such was his perfection of system, there were no fag-ends of time, here and there, scattered through his days and weeks. Every hour had its assigned duty; and every duty found him prompt and equipped for its discharge. He was always in haste; but he was never in a hurry. He saw the awful grandeur of time; he felt the august greatness of life. He lived as ever under the inspiration of the judgment day. He endured as seeing Him who is invisible. But that his life was uninter-

rupted in its flow, it must have seemed a very torrent in its force. Dare to arrest it, and you shall prove that its measure of rush resembles that of a planet round its orbit. Break up his life into days, and you have in each the plunge of a cataract—the leap of a Niagara.

Keenly susceptible to the fascinations of social life, and exquisite in his sensibilities as a lover of the fine arts, yet from one he must tear himself away, and through the other pass with a half smile, half sigh, deferring the enjoyments of such luxuries of life until life's stern, imperative demands shall have been fulfilled. With an immutable calmness of spirit, there was associated a passionate intensity of resolve, which rose in the presence of difficulty and waxed sublime in its invincible courage in the midst of antagonism the most threatening and malignant. And perhaps since his Master said it, no disciple of that Master could have ventured with more honesty to assert: "I have finished the work Thou gavest Me to do."

Think of the demands upon Wesley's time, thoughts, prudence, wisdom, charity, long-suffering, by the supervision of his preachers and societies. He visited them once a year—from Cornwall to Aberdeen—from London to Bristol—from Cork to Derry; he founded schools; he appointed the fields of labour for his helpers; he corresponded with friends and with foes; his correspondence alone would have filled up his time and taxed his mental energies; he defended himself against false attacks upon his teaching and work; he quelled discord; he controlled enthusiasts; he advised his preachers; he published tracts; he printed sermons; he visited prisoners; he preached twice a day; he travelled in all weathers; he rode on all sorts of horses and over all qualities of roads; he slept on all sorts of beds and fed on all sorts of fare; he preached in rooms, in chapels, on tombstones and on tables, in daylight and in moonlight, in calm weather and in stormy, when dew fell and when rain descended, before the ignorant and before the learned, to miners and to sailors, to rustics and to soldiers, before the judges of His Majesty and the members of the University, suiting his subject and his style to the audience, the place, and the occasion, with a skill faultless and a tact marvellous, commanding the attention of the most illiterate and the admiration of the most fastidiously critical; in all, the faithful and the fearless

ambassador of "the Blessed and only Potentate." And this, not for a year, or ten years, but from 1739 until 1791—for full half a century.

What a career! Could more labour have been compressed into half a century? His energy never abated; his purpose never vacillated; his cheerfulness never forsook him.

You must remember Wesley's aim and purpose in order to render him justice. He went not forth to found a new system of moral or metaphysical science. He went not out to establish a new sect of religionists, or to found a new order in the Church. He went not forth as a lecturer upon poetry, or painting, or physical science. His mission was to win sinful men to ways of righteousness, to lives of obedience to God, and habits of sobriety, purity, and truth before men. He went forth to fulfil the end for which Christ came to our race and globe—to turn men from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God. His end was first and last—*Religion.* Looked at in the light of the New Testament Wesley must be, if we would understand him and justly estimate his rank as a man, as a Christian, as a thinker, and as an organizer.

You will recall men who were peerless in the realm of oratory. They could turn men's ears, and touch men's hearts, and move men's wills, and impel men to brave and honourable deeds by the majesty of their presentation of truth and the might of their appeal to men's sense of duty. But they were not, therefore, organizers of men or of societies.

You will recall men who were without rivals in the realms of speculative thought; before whose superb intellects truth dispread her vast empire, creation unfolded its mysterious secrets; and the first principles of all wisdom, and of all knowledge, and of all order, surrendered at their command. Men capable of all-absorbing abstraction of thought, centralization of intellect upon themes the profoundest with which created mind can deal. But they were not organizers.

You can recall men—repeat their names—upon whose vast imaginations beauty burst, before whose gaze sublimity sat enthroned, through whose inner life concords poured their harmonies and rhythmic waves; and their pens and their brushes or their chisels promptly did their bidding in composing or creating visible and tangible embodiments of the conceptions

crowding their inner world of thought; until, by their poems, nations were entranced; before their canvas races stood in breathless awe; beneath their spell youth and age delighted to move and live, to think and feel. But they were not organizers. They were not rulers or leaders of men, either in Church or State.

Distinct from all these endowments of soul and types of manhood is he who can unite, harmonize, govern and control masses of thinking, passionate, free-born, moral beings, respecting the individuality of each, yet combining all into a supreme unity of effort and confidence of brotherhood. Such men are kings by Divine right—crownless, sceptreless, throneless—nevertheless monarchs of the purest quality. Loyola was such a one. Napoleon was such a one. Wesley was such a one. He was born to the purple if ever man was. He learned obedience by the things which he suffered in younger days, and thus became educated for the rank and work of moral royalty. For who best obey—best rule? Obedience is the path to sovereignty. And never spirit of reverence for law more true inhabited human body than the spirit of John Wesley. The capacity of his mind is seen in the perfection with which it embraced the vastest and the minutest circumstances and claims upon its regard and control.

He was certainly liberally endowed with the faculty of statesmanship. He was a born ruler of men. At the University of Oxford this was speedily and frankly recognized and acknowledged. He was the fit and efficient head of the "Godly Club" of students who earned for themselves the nickname of "Methodists." To Wesley they looked up; by Wesley were organized and maintained in mutual independence and concord. His aptitude for organizing was seen and confessed by Whitefield. To it we owe it that the fruit of Wesley's herculean labours remains in the system called Methodism. What he gained by conversion of souls he retained by marshalling them into classes and placing them under the oversight of leaders; thus forming societies and churches acknowledging him as their spiritual father and working together with him in the great mission of saving souls.

No braver hero ever trod this planet; and no sterner trials ever encompassed and assaulted a valorous spirit than Wesley

endured. It seemed as though his presence in a town was the signal for the letting loose of all the demoniac passions of depraved humanity. Men became furious in their rage; women forgot their sex; magistrates lost their dignity; clergymen became the patrons of the mob; oaths, ribaldry and obscenity rent the air; stones were hurled; clubs fell with swift and deadly stroke; mud daubed the faces and stained the persons of the preacher and his friends. They were hooted from street to street; chased for refuge within door and house, only to be dragged thence amid the wildest rage of ruffians half-inspired by Satan and half by whiskey. They were haled to prison. They were plunged into horse-ponds. They were trodden down in the street. They were hunted like wolves from hamlet to hamlet. Ballad-singers mocked them. Parsons from their pulpits exhausted Billingsgate in their vituperation. Magazines opened their pages to the pens of abusive scribblers. Bishops of London, Exeter, Gloucester, denounced them and lampooned them. Actors caricatured them in comedies infamous for their coarseness and blasphemies.

John Wesley was denounced as a Jesuit and a secret friend of "the Pretender." Charles Wesley and some twelve of his assistants were presented by the grand jury of Cork to the judge of assize as "common vagrants." The city of Cork was for ten days in the possession of a mob of persecutors headed by one Butler, a common ballad-singer, by whom the houses of the Methodists were smashed and the persons of the Methodists insulted and wounded; their lives were held in perpetual terror; their appearance in the streets was the summons for a general assault by men and women more like the citizens of Pandemonium than of a town in Christendom with its mayor and magistrates and clergy.

And yet through all this Wesley's spirit never quailed; his self-control never forsook him; charity never left him; pity for the souls of such wild, barbaric Christians filled his heart and flooded his eyes. Sometimes his look awed the crowd into silence; sometimes his calm appeal to them, demanding what wrong, what evil, he had done, thus to excite their malice, turned the hyenas into lambs; while, not seldom, his very foes, tempted to listen to him, dropped their bludgeons and wept as he addressed their hearts, becoming actually his protectors

through crowds thirsting for his blood and sworn to take his life. But his Master's spirit never faltered in his apostolic nature. These sights and scenes but confirmed his conviction of the need for such a work as that to which he had consecrated his life and talents.

Perhaps history does not afford a more striking instance of the power of decision of character than that furnished in the career of Wesley. He chooses his principles calmly, prayerfully. He selects his methods with prudence and with tact. He orders his action so as to fulfil his purpose. His aim is noblest: the good—the most lasting good of his fellow-men. To this he bends and constrains all things. Friendship and literature; rest and recreation; music and poetry; science and philosophy; history and biography; scholarship and authorship; the power of the pen and the power of the tongue; the gift of organization and the genius which controls men; all these were concentrated upon the one ever-present, ever-inspiring purpose of his life—to save men.

Here was a focalizing object of life; and with utmost intensity all his forces were condensed and applied for its execution. He thought; he read; he prayed; he conversed; he corresponded; he endured persecution; he sacrificed home comforts; he economized time; he lived by system; he practised self-denial; he cultivated benevolence; he braved the scorn of men; he dared the violence of mobs; he endured slander; he outlived defamation; he turned not from his purpose, faltered not in his integrity, fainted not in his courage; but with years grew in strength of resolve and in beauty of character and in beneficence of influence and in success of undertaking; meeting difficulties but to surmount them; opposition, but to obviate it; success, but to be invigorated by it; failure, but to be aroused by it; until the age confessed his power, the nation acknowledged his mission, and the Church looked upon him as an instance of zeal, love, labour, and Christian triumph equalled by none since the days when apostolic evangelists went forth to "turn the world upside down," to conquer the Roman Empire and subdue the world to the obedience of Christ.

Self-reliant, self-possessed; calm, clear-visioned; fearless, prudent; thoughtful, conscientious; tender, strong; gentle, pure; rich in sensibilities, rigid in logic; open to all things

lovely, recipient of all things true; feeding the lambs, as well as guarding the sheep, of the Christian fold; onward the man moves, undaunted, undeterred, undistracted; equal to every crisis, master of every emergency; a heart all aglow with love; a mind all luminous with truth; a purpose all clarified by simplicity; care cannot wrinkle his brow; fretfulness cannot darken his eye; bitterness cannot irritate his spirit. He moves in light; and sheds around his path gladness, serenity, as though his life were "one grand, sweet song," compared with which the fabled music of the spheres were dissonance and discord.

Opposition confronts him; but he simply replies, "None of these things move me." New objects are suggested to him; but his reponse is simply, "This *one* thing I do." His motives are maligned; but his answer is, "Whether I be beside myself, it is to God; or whether I be sober, it is for your cause; for the love of Christ constraineth me." If men would stop his mouth and bishops threaten excommunication, his ready spirit replies, "I cannot but speak the things which I have seen and felt; woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel of God!"

Christianity began its career with music, and shall celebrate its consummated triumphs with songs. Angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest." Angels and men shall one day join in singing, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power." Christianity shall perpetuate its influences under the inspiration of music; for its redeemed immortals shall "sing a new song." And wherever Christianity has decayed, there music has forgotten its spell. Despair and despondency are not the parents of music. With Christianity comes Hope, and this is the mother of music—Love, and this is the parent of song. In every renewal of its power, Christianity has "rolled away the stone from the mouth of the well" of music; it has taken the harp from the willow and reset, retuned, reswept it.

'Twas so at the Reformation in Germany. Congregational singing became a reality and a power under the inspiration of the new life ushered in by the instrumentality of Luther and his compeers. 'Twas so with the Wesleyan revival. Methodism appealed to the heart through the conscience; first to sadden

and disturb, then to pacify, purge, exhilarate it. Wesley paid special attention to the singing of his followers, and wrote vigorously and repeatedly to urge effectiveness in this department of public worship. God gave him a rare helper to supply the need of his converts and his disciples in this matter. Charles Wesley became the poet of the Methodist revival; and in many respects contributed as powerfully to the perpetuation of that revival as did John.

No one who has studied the history of the Wesleys has failed to appreciate the wisdom of the Highest in selecting such an agent as Charles Wesley to be the hymnologist of Methodism. His was a fervid nature. He had all the sensibility of the poet: his impulsiveness, his fitfulness, his imagination. We are amazed at the sweep of wing with which his genius was endowed; to what depths he could descend; o'er what an amplitude he could gyrate! Now he voices the wailings of a sin-oppressed suppliant; now he carols forth the exuberant ecstasies of "a soul in its earliest love." Listen, and you catch him chanting over the corse of a brother deceased; hark! for now he is pealing out the welcome home of a spirit passing within the light of the sapphire throne.

He goes forth with the workman to cheer him in his faithful toil as he sings,

> Thee may I set at my right hand,
> Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
> And labour on at Thy command,
> And offer all my work to Thee.

He retires with the weary worker to his couch, and soothes him into dreamless sleep as he breathes the lullaby song,

> Jesus protects! My fears begone!
> What can the Rock of ages move?
> Safe in Thine arms I lay me down—
> Thine everlasting arms of love.

Whether the believer work or watch; whether he suffer or rejoice; whether he fight or die; whether he bow down in closet fellowship with God, or blend his sympathies with the chosen few, or throng the temple with kindred worshippers; whether he present his babe for baptism, or celebrate his Master's dying victory—crowned love; whether the saint be climbing the hill, or whether from its burnished crests his raptured eye travels

over the landscape of the promised Canaan; whether the state be that of the backslider, or that of the tempted, or that of the triumphant; whether Satan darkens the spirit with his dusky wing, or deeper draughts of holy joy elate the exulting heart as with "a chalice of the grapes of God;" whether entering into the life of faith here, or passing within the "choral circles of the sons of light" hereafter—for each, for all, of these experiences and states the inspired music of Charles Wesley supplies the meet and fitting vehicle of expression in his all but Oriental opulence of composition.

It is impossible to say to how many thousands those songs have carried consolation, from how many lonely hearts they have expelled the demon of despair; on how many myriads they have distilled the healing dew of divine assurance; through how many they have poured heroic fortitude, and floated foretastes of the pleasures that are for evermore; how many rude tastes they have refined; how many vulgar natures they have cultured; how many illiterate minds have through them raised their hearts' impassioned longings, while in prayer they led astonished and grateful worshippers beneath the shadow of the Almighty, and before the mercy-seat.

The future of Methodism cannot but be an object of intense interest to every student of history. That she may be satisfied with long life, is the prayer of her children; and that that prayer may be answered we also plead: Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon her, and establish Thou the work of her hands; yea, the work of her hands establish Thou it.

Of her present position, as to the numbers reached by her ministry the world over, we have often heard. Some twenty millions listen to her ministrations of truth, and share in her pastoral oversight. The sun sets not on her dominion. Her people are found in every land, and abide in every zone. All climates embrace them—the winters of Hudson's Bay and the suns of India play and beat upon them. They locate in forests and they throng the marble city. Pacific waves ripple upon their shores, and peaks crowned with eternal snow fling their shadows o'er their dwellings. From the deep, dark mine and from the banker's mansion Methodism gathers her congregations. Of skins burned by tropic heat and of complexions fair as the lily her scholars are composed. Tribes just emerging from the filthiness of savagedom unite with households embel-

lished and enriched by all that culture and piety can impart in calling her blessed.

She has found men paupers; she has made them millionaires. She has found men ignorant; she has made them scholars. She has found men debased; she has crowned them with glory and honour. She has found men outlawed; she has made them dutiful and law-abiding citizens.

She is in her second century; and yet nor wrinkle upon her brow, nor haze in her vision, nor stoop in her form, nor halt in her step gives sign of wasted energy and declining vigour. Still her sanctuaries are Bethesdas, and her prayer-meetings Bethels. Still her sons speak with the enemy in the gate, and her daughters are "all glorious within." Still she gathers in the street arab, and sends her missionaries to Orient fields of toil and death. She multiplies her places of worship at the rate of two for every day of the year. Her doctrines are to-day as when Wesley died; her philanthropy is as broad, her relations to other Churches as catholic as when Wesley said, "The world is my parish, and we are the friends of all, the enemies of none."

The world needs her; and she shall not perish! The churches need her; and she shall not perish! She believes still in conversion; and she shall not perish! She still holds forth Christ crucified; and she shall not perish! She still believes in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life; and she shall not perish! She has had dissension; but she lives! She has had bitter antagonisms; but she lives! A brighter future is in store for her. The spirit of peace broods within her council chambers. The spirit of unity hovers over her camps. Feuds shall be forgotten. Strifes shall be no more named by her.

Baptized into the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ, she shall move forth resplendent with every virtue; all aglow with "the dew of her youth;" bright as the sun; fair as the moon; and terrible as an army with banners! And having conquered a world for her Divine Head, and as she reposes within the mild splendours of the latter day glory, even angels, as they bend o'er the scene, shall exclaim: "How lovely are thy tents and thy dwellings, O people; the little one has become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation; I the Lord have done it for Mine own name's sake!"

ART CRITICISM IN CANADA.*

BY J. W. L. FORSTER.

PEOPLE love surprises. Like the dawning of some happiness, or like the forming of new friendships, comes the waking up of our senses to effects of beauty! We hear the exclamation sometimes, "How pretty this looks in a picture! We never thought there was such beauty in that locality before. It is a revelation." Words like these express the thrill of new thoughts replacing old thoughts: and the surprise kindled by visions of new beauty which come to people often when they least expect them.

There is an awaking in our midst at the present. It comes to us mainly through the influence of foreign schools upon men who have made in them a study of art. These men have brought home with them much of the spirit of their masters. This spirit, with their own native enthusiasm, is creating a strong and healthy influence in the direction of art culture.

As in springtime the sun flings his brightness over frozen stretches calling them to life and fruitfulness, so is the promise of revival of which we speak full of hope and assurance. But as in spring retarding frosts and mists impede the coming on of life, so there are disabilities to contend against in this awaking. One of these, and perhaps the greatest, is the want of competent and healthy art criticism.

Most men have breadth of view and sound judgment on public questions. A strong and liberal mind is the true basis for esthetic culture. And there is a quality in the minds of women too which gives them power to adapt themselves to new situations; and to employ the fertile brains of thinkers in the embellishment of the hearthside. There is indeed no want of capable thinkers on matters which belong to both useful and decorative arts, for we enjoy social interchange with many men of this kind. What we do need are judicious penmen who will give such shape to their thoughts that all may benefit who can read, or hear their discourse.

*A paper read before the Toronto Central C. L. S. C.

But what, we ask, would be the method of their review, and the character of their criticism? And then comes the question, What constitutes the critic? Must he come to us through those conditions which make men great in other professions? Must he be great in natural endowment and in learning also? Must the critic rise through patient study of problems of exact measurements and principles of beauty, and climb through difficulties and failures in practice until he masters everything? Or does the critic come equipped—like Minerva full-formed from the brain of Jupiter? or as Byron's couplet to his Scotch reviewers aptly puts it:—

> "A man must serve his time at every trade
> Save censure—critics all are ready made."

Alas! we have many of the latter type: give us the former if you can find him. To answer frankly what constitutes the critic, we would say, Brains enough for good sense; experience enough for good judgment; heart enough to respect meanings, methods and spirit in the works before them. For this much is evident, methods vary with men and with the schools they follow. And the various incidents and meanings that may be observed in a picture composition must ever subserve the one leading thought or spirit of the whole.

Art is utilitarian. In shaping the first weapon or knife-blade it served its designer. Art in the finer thought of to-day is utility still, but wedded now to beauty. The governing law of art is common sense; but this common sense must have artistic instinct for its counterpart. Artistic instinct or intuition is the feminine, sympathetic, subtle aptness to perceive the beauty which common sense wisely, thoughtfully designs and expresses. Without this sympathy inherent in him no man can rightly observe, nor can he be impressed by beauty in any work of nature. And to transfer this impression into a work of art requires of him a rigorously disciplined hand under control of a mind that is clear and confident. Thus head and heart are indissolubly joined.

The pictorial forms and expressions which result from this union should not be lightly, but rather reverently, examined and treated. What thoughtfulness should inform the pen or tongue that presumes to speak of these. How much experience

is needed to wisely choose, commend or advise; what sympathy to understand and translate; what wisdom, skill and catholicity of spirit. Such should be the critic. Any other type is false and misleading, and sure to vitiate the popular taste. The truth of this outline will be manifest when we regard his relations to both artist and amateur. He is indispensable to either. If safe and unprejudiced criticism could be heard upon pictures as they appear from time to time, a healthier activity would inspire the artist and clearer discernment and stronger confidence enliven the purchaser of his canvases.

But the chief reason that prompts the wish for the better style of criticism is in view of the home influence of good pictures. Men who have pleasant firesides invariably choose a certain class and quantity of literature for the table and shelf. Each home has its piano, and quite frequently its skilled performers. Professional and commercial men alike require relief from fatiguing thought. Volumes perused will instruct, delight perhaps, but they too lose their power to entertain. At such a time there is something in a well-painted picture which can supply the needed recreation. True art has power to please and interest, while bringing us into closer fellowship with that which is true and beautiful. Pictures have their way of doing this. Impressions which come out from the canvas to the amateur are often very refreshing to his mind and spirit. These impressions depend much less upon the technique of the work than upon the individuality and thought of the artist.

Very much indeed may be in the subject chosen, but more, vastly more, in the spirit in which he has treated it. Patrons of art require evidences of a true and reverent spirit in the works they buy. It is here the true critic will help them. He should come by right from the ranks of the purchasers rather than from amongst the profession. He will be more likely to be sincere; for he will study pictures for their merits, and be less governed by the schools. With him it would mean such direct contact with pictures as to test his discernment. This discernment, growing with every success or failure, earns for him alertness, experience and wisdom, while keeping him free from the narrowing influence of specialties. The love of specialties is necessary to the profession of art, but is narrowing to the mind of a reviewer. It too frequently happens that the critic,

if he be an artist, and is striving for art place, will forget, either through an egotism grown morbid, or a dyspeptic discontent, to be fair or even courteous in his reference to men and their pictures. Scarcely less imbecile is the sweet comment which damns good work with faint and hesitating praise. Perhaps the routine critique—written at a penny a line—is equally ridiculous, when the only love seen is for display and the only inspiration is that something has to be said.

We want men of brains and heart who will speak kindly and clearly to the great school of amateurs: men with a true and living passion for pictures, who can lead an honest and enquiring public, and help them to understand the mind and spirit of the artists, and the subtle and effective meanings that are given to us in light and shade. The spirit of Eve is not dead yet. There is amongst all classes a thirst for knowledge; but only occasionally do you find a will that is bent upon study. The newspaper comments are therefore taken for gospel and received with implicit faith. Reporters do the thinking for the masses; and it matters little whether concert, sermon or exhibition of pictures be the theme, their opinions are received with the authority of "It is written." This confidence in newspapermen's judgment in matters of art would be sublime indeed but for the contradictions of rival journals which we often find so entertaining. There is need for a touch of true genius in art review. Why those touches are so rare is partly that the better class of journalist shrinks from assuming the air of a connoisseur, and seldom is he induced to dip his quill in this strange ink; partly because of the slender chances of a specialist gaining renown in so narrow a field as the art of Canada, is he deterred from hazarding his name in its behalf. But why he might do so with almost certain hope of success will be seen from the fact that the field is left entirely to him. And with the rapidly advancing art-thought of the people wider range will be given, and more active employment can be assured.

Amongst all classes in our country there are evidences of a growing love for that which is tasteful, appropriate and beautiful. It is not a rare thing to find people whose perception of beauty is bright indeed, whose minds have fellowship with the minds of others, and whose souls are in fullest sympathy with the wonderful realm of nature. Their's is the true art feeling;

because in the discovery and rendering of artistic effects there must be sympathy: and to speak of these to other men requires an impression of how other minds regard them. This is the instinct we must possess for ourselves if we would appreciate what other men perceive, whether they seek to express their perceptions in language or in outline and colour. Let it be understood at the outset, criticism cannot be set to rule. Your own apprehension and discernment must serve you: and these will grow with exercise.

It is easily known when a man's heart is in his work. An American artist says: "A man paints by rule up to a certain point, just as a poet constructs his rhythm on certain well-known principles; but beyond and above them is the vital, animating spirit of art itself, which has no rules to explain or govern it, which is purely instructive and sympathetic, and which gives to the creations of brush and pen a breath of the life of him whose hand guides the tools." His heart must be in his theme or his language will be out of tune with it.

But to unfold the thought of picture combinations the reviewer often needs an elastic mind. He is recalled, perhaps, to the historic canons of Greek art by some work before him, against which may appear the vigorous, heroic spirit of Latin art. Presently a proposition defying solution with ordinary mediums confronts him. And so might we enumerate. In the midst of these a perception of the painter's motive must be joined with a wide historic knowledge of art methods.

In fine, the critic and the reviewer must alike possess every quality of the true artist, and yet live above the narrowing influences which enter into an artist's life. For, whilst the artist is an observer of nature, he is too rarely an observer of men.

You especially, whom we are glad to welcome as amateurs, you wish for some finger to point the way to the understanding of pictures. You enter a gallery of paintings. To your first bewilderment as you come in is added a second in overhearing some criticism. It may be the laudation of something unlovely to you, or, worse still, a satiric comment upon something you thought you liked. You lose your confidence in yourself, lose interest in what you cannot understand, and go away discouraged with the contradictions. Calm yourself. Return. Half close your eyes as you re-enter. This will subdue the

glamour of colour and lights. You will then see only the strong light of some picture. Look at it and see its balancing of shade. This may be all the picture is, a *tour de force* with forest and cloud. It is enough. It has served to introduce you to some picture with quieter tones, and that has some incident. You are able soon to recognize some familiar effect in nature. You begin to understand what the artist has tried to express. If a picture has nothing to tell leave it for one that has something for you. Even a face may be full of meaning, and you may read the history of the life it half conceals and half reveals. But you might as well endeavour to regulate the gambols of a lamb in the field, or the affections of a maid, by rule and system, as to so govern fancy and caprice. In the picture gallery these must be allowed the reins of their own government. With most people fancy will run to this picture, caprice declare for that one, until they come to terms with one another, or have called in some outside opinion to settle their preferences.

There is so much of what is called vogue in certain styles of brush-work or technique: and fashion flings such a glamour over many good people's minds, that judgment and intuition are often both at once in the traces of this shortlived but capricious tyrant. Good taste, however, is always supreme on the throne of excellence and wisdom in art. Ruling as monarch over mind and heart, her sway is not tainted with tyranny, but is ever instructive, kind and liberal. Her statutes are laws from the code of nature. Her charter contains the right of private judgment, and liberty to the intellect to receive impressions as they come, and, if the heart be in accord with it, to pronounce at once its preference. Good taste allows the untutored savage to deck himself with startling and vivid markings, but to the cultured mind she has given higher and finer thoughts. She presents as an object-lesson Nature with her forms so varied, subtleties in tones, lines and effects of power and sublimity. Her creed recognizes and reverences eternal goodness and truth, and sees in these the prime principles of beauty. Of this correspondence she never loses sight. She encourages the training of the mind, that through the eye it may apprehend the mediumship of the sunlight in giving those cadences of shadow and light so rhythmic and happy. She sees harmony

between the foldings of flower-leaves and the uses to which they are adapted. She permits us to view the great procession of months and seasons with their banners evanescent of transforming colour and changing light. Her opinions are those which govern the painting of pictures. Here are some of them :—

1. Nature is the standard to judge by. In her general order she supplies the governing opinion on all questions of artistic effect. What are termed eccentricities in Nature should always yield subserviency to the general order.

2. Startling or brilliant colours in a picture cannot be regarded as good taste, for Nature rarely exhibits such. Even the wondrous tints of autumn have never been happily rendered by artist's brush, and these represent the most frequent of the eccentric colour notes in Nature's gamut.

3. Lines of beauty do not always lie in visible curves. We need only point to the tall shaft of the pine tree for an example of this.

4. The character of any subject is seen more in the form than the colour of it. What is it kindles our admiration for the horse? Is it his colour? No: for there is no very great difference in all the varieties. Is it not rather the splendid outlines?—the head, the neck, etc. It is the same with the cloud which shapes itself above the horizon, with the mountain which pierces the cloud, and with the trees that skirt the mountain's base. What is called expression in the countenance is change of form. We read of Marguerite :—

> "Sweet manners had she, gentle courtesies,
> Which far outshone her lips and eyes and hair,
> As her high vassal colour form transcends."

Form, being transcendent in nature, good taste insists upon its being so in art.

5. What is called relief depends in nature more upon light and shade than upon colour. Light and shade are therefore pre-eminent principles in the composition of a picture.

6. It is in the spirit of good taste that agreeable themes be chosen—themes which awaken the nobler, the refining and uplifting spirit in men, and which are free from a suspicion of coarseness or that which is disagreeable.

7. Carelessness is irreverence. No theme that is worthy a poet's pen or moralist's finger, and no object of the Creator's care, should by His creature be treated as of light esteem.

Consistency with nature, it will be seen, is the cardinal virtue in the painter's creed. It is the beautiful filling in the web of thought which is woven around the artistic idea.

But in a realm of thought so extensive as art presents there have necessarily arisen many schools and styles. We can only allude to these. To make clear in a *coup de plume* the general classification of styles in painting, it is the habit of most men to group the tendencies of painters: for instance, the brilliant, free colouring of Rubens, Veronese, etc., is called the florid style; dark and shadowy tones like those of Angelo, Rembrandt, Delaroche—the sombre; light, bright, vaporous and sparkling notes, as some of Murillo's or of Fortuney, Chaplin—the äery; whilst quiet, mellow and even rich tones come under the classification of the grey style. The first two being very much the outcome of the peculiar temperaments in the artists, are frequently referred to as personal styles. The last mentioned, having the unobtrusiveness of Nature for ideal, and claiming Raphael, Titian, Bouguereau, Gérome, Millais, of England, as exponents, makes no trifling claim upon your attention and study.

We have not time to talk about individuality in men who paint. That comes mostly as the expression of feeling; or is the spontaneous movement of the artist's spirit as it revels amongst the pliant pigments. If, however, it savours of affectation, let it pass; it is undignified.

In all we have striven to say we plead for a closer study of pictures, and especially for a more intimate acquaintance with Nature and her charming manners. Let Nature help you to understand pictures, and pictures lead you to observe Nature. Each will then plead for the kindly thought of man for his fellowman. You will find expressed in them those lines of character which shape themselves in beauty. They reflect an influence upon the opinions and character of the observer. You will find your realization of them in an added beauty to your thoughts, in promoting the harmony of well-poised intellect with consistent life, in kindliness of speech, in social intercourse, and, above all, in the beauty of the golden rule.

Through every note of harmony from pen of poet or painter's pencil, in every voice let fall by passing breath amongst the leaves, and in the stillness that seems to echo in the field, there comes to us the spirit that is abroad in Nature. It sometimes comes as a voice of truth to the conscience. Without this conscience and this spirit every analysis of pictures is a failure, and art itself is dead.

TORONTO, 1886.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

SOUND over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands ;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born.
With glad jubilations
Bring hope to the nations !
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun ;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

Sing the bridal of nations, with chorals of love,
Sing out the war vulture and sing in the dove,
Till the hearts of the people keep time in accord,
And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord !
Clasp hands of the nations
In strong gratulations ;
The dark night is ending, the dawn has begun ;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace,
East, west, north and south, let the long quarrel cease ;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and good-will to man.
Hark ! joining in chorus
The heavens bend o'er us.
The dark night is ending and day is begun ;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

"QUIT YOUR MEANNESS."*

BY REV. SAM P. JONES.

"Receive us; we have wronged no man, we have corrupted no man, we have defrauded no man."—*2 Cor. vii. 2.*

ST. PAUL knocked at the inner door of the Church of Corinth. He was met by that Church, and he was asked: "Upon what ground do you demand so great a privilege?" And he replied, "On the grounds, first, I have wronged no man with my tongue. I have corrupted no man by my example. I have defrauded no man in any business transaction." Jesus Christ watched the doors of His kingdom when He stood among men, with the most uncompromising and most untiring scrutiny. And when the young man approached Christ, and would have entered the kingdom, and Jesus looked upon him as he asked the question: "What must I do that I can get into the kingdom?" Jesus looked at him and said: "Keep the commandments." The young man said, exultingly: "Why, Master, all these have I kept from my youth up." And Jesus looked him in the face, and said: "One thing thou lackest yet," and the young man walked away. I suppose His disciples, if they had been as worldly as we are, would have said: "Master, that's a magnificent young man. He's a very rich young man. He stands well in the community, and if he only lacks one thing let's take him in. He will give tone to the Church, and he will pay largely. We have few members of that sort, and he's got money to pay our expenses. Why, Master, if he lacks but one thing let's take him in." "One thing thou lackest yet," said Christ, and the young man turned and went away, and that's the last He heard of him. The disciples caught at the same spirit and taught men this: that you must deny yourself and take up your cross and follow Christ. They taught us if any man love the world the love of God is not in him; if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His.

A large Church membership does not mean much here now. We ought to quit asking the question, "What Church do you

* A sermon preached at the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, Oct. 16th, 1886.

belong to?" but we ought to ask, "How do you live now? How have you been doing? Do you pay your debts? Do you live right, and live good, and keep the commandments?" Brethren, an open profession, an outward profession, that isn't backed up by the possession of the principles of Christianity, is not worth the paper your name is enrolled on. I want to see the day in this country when Church membership means consecration, righteousness, and godliness.

I'm a natural, innate, constitutional inborn hater of shams and humbugs, and above all humbugs that ever cursed this world, the religious humbug is the biggest. I will give you a little illustration: At Harvard, I believe it was, there was in the college an old professor, one of those thick-glassed old fellows, near-sighted, who was a wonderful bug-ologist. In their mischief, and as a joke, the students got the body of one bug, and took the legs of another and the head of another and the wings of another, and put them together just like as if nature had formed it that way, and they all trooped downstairs together into the old professor's room, and one of the boys says: "Professor, what kind of a bug is this?" and the professor stood up and took the card on which the bug was pinned, and he cast his eyes on it, and after looking at it awhile he said: "Gentlemen, this is a *hum*bug." Now you have my idea of a humbug. It's a fellow that has a heart that belongs to the church, and a head that is run by the world, and his hands by the devil, that he's just nothing but a sort of a compound. God deliver us from humbugs in the church!

If I were asked now what is the trouble in Toronto—the greatest trouble—a trouble you can't overcome as easily as other troubles—I believe I would answer that the greatest trouble in Toronto is, that you have too many churches here. I don't mean to say there are too many buildings or too many pastors. I would not tear down a church in this city, nor hush the voice of a single preacher. I would not demolish a single church organization in the town, but I'll tell you the trouble. I will take this church here for an illustration. Your minister, you know, is the pastor of two churches, and he has a hard time of it, too, I tell you, for one church is about as much as any preacher can look after. The one church you have has an enrolled list of members, but you have a church on the inside

of that, and whenever a man gets on the inside of the inside church, then he can talk about the communion of saints and fellowship of the Spirit, and walk with God.

I am willing for anybody to have more money than I have, and more land than I ever expect to have, and more stocks and bonds than I can ever get, but I ain't willing for any man that walks this earth to have more religion than I have. I can get as much as a soul full, and that's about as much as an angel can get. If I am a Christian, I will be a Christian; if I am a Methodist, I'll be a Methodist; if I am a Presbyterian, I'll be a Presbyterian: and if I'm a Baptist, I'm a-going to be one all over, through and through; but I wouldn't be a little, old, dried-up, knock-kneed, one-horse, shrivelled nothing anywhere. Haven't you ever felt some time away down in your soul that you wanted to get above everything? Haven't you had a desire to rise up above the sight of this kind of little fellows, that you can put twenty of them in a sardine-box? Haven't you ever had a glorious feeling in your soul that made you feel for a minute as if you wanted to be a whale? You have never known much about religion if you never felt in your soul as if you wanted to be somebody—something—so big that you feel as if you could fly up, and up, and up; then you can know something about what religion is.

Religion's a grand thing. There is nothing on earth like it, and nothing in heaven better than religion. A poor, tempest-tossed, tempest-driven soul, thrown hither and thither in helpless wandering, tired, restless, and hungry, finds a haven there. O! how dark it was once for me; how hungry this poor soul was once. How like the crest of a wave! I knew no rest. But I found it in religion. Religion! Religion! It's a great word. In its etymological sense it means that there is something in this small universe that can take up a poor, wandering, hungry, restless soul, and tie it back to God. Religion means to bring the soul back to its moorings. That's it. I have thought of the picture of the Lake of Gennesaret, and, as I looked at the calm, placid little lake, surrounded on all sides by rugged, towering mountains, I have thought that the winds of the storm could never ruffle its bosom. But if there was any place on earth where the four winds of heaven more fiercely contested for supremacy, it was on this little Lake of Gennesaret. Christ

was once riding over this lake in a boat with His disciples, and the Saviour was below in the cabin sleeping, when suddenly a fierce storm arose, and the little ship began to toss and pitch and rock fearfully, and the disciples, trembling with fear, ran and aroused Him, and said: "Master, wake up; we are engulfed. We will be drowned." Christ opened His eyes and raised Himself up, and wiping the spray from His forehead walked up to the prow of the little ship, and gathered the waves up to Him on His lap, like a mother tending her child, and the seas subsided, and the winds blew no more. And the disciples said: "What manner of man is this, that the winds and waves obey Him?" Blessed Christ, with my poor soul, tempest-tossed and driven, I'll crawl up under the cross, and He will pull my poor, tired soul up into His loving arms, and sweet peace will enfold me, and I'll walk away singing:

> "Now, not a wave of trouble rolls
> Across my peaceful breast."

Brethren, there's something in religion that will make a man of us, there's something in religion for preachers and people. The more religion a preacher has, blessed be God, the better it is for him; and the more religion a merchant has, the better it is for him; and the more religion a farmer has, the better it is for him. Blessed be God, religion is not only the best thing in the universe, but it is free for all.

"Receive us." Why? "I have wronged no man with my tongue." A man's tongue has a great deal to do with his religion, or rather a man's religion has a great deal to do with his tongue. We've got sanctified people all over this country. They are sanctified in a thousand senses except the sense in which St. James talked about sanctification. Hear his description of a sanctified man. Listen! "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." A man who has learned to manage his tongue has it right. The tongue, said St. James, is full of deadly poison. Many a person in this city—if you will go to their homes, and sit by their side, and put your ear to their heart—you can hear their heart's blood drip, drip, drip, and you say, "What does that?" and they'll tell you an unkind tongue

stabbed it there. God pity a man that will take his tongue and stab a man's character with it. I'll tell you another thing. This tongue is not only capable of stabbing Christ, but the tongue is the cause of all the trouble in our midst. It's not what we do, but what we say, that kicks up the mischief all around—it's what we say. I have known men who would leave home in the morning and go down to their stores and be as polite to their women customers, and palaver to them as sweetly as you please; but when they go home at night they talk to their wives as if they were old bears. Did you ever know a case like that, my friend? No? Didn't you see one in the glass to-night when you brushed your hair before you came to meeting? Many a time a good pains-taking wife has carefully arranged everything to make home pleasant, and bring smiles to her husband's face, but before he has been in the house five minutes he takes that tongue of his and stabs his wife to the heart, even before her kiss of welcome is dry on his lips, and she goes upstairs and buries her face in her hands and sobs and cries as though her heart would break. God pity a woman that has an old bear for a husband! Many a time a poor man who has toiled all day with heart pressure upon him because of his love for her at home, goes homeward, and before he has been in the house five minutes the woman that should be all to him stabs him with her sharp tongue, and he says, in his grief, "I wish to God I were dead."

Brethren, let us be kind to wife, for she has left her father and her home and her mother and given up all things for us, and she gives her life to us, and we ought to be kind to her. Never let a word slip from your tongue that will bring a drop of blood from her heart. We should be kind and loving to our children, too. I remember, once, at a camp-meeting, I was talking to two or three of the brothers after dinner, and to one of them a little girl, a rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed fairy, ran up and asked him some question, and he snapped out a word to her that almost made her faint, so frightened was she. I cried, "You brute, you!" Brethren, you can almost crucify one of your children with one stroke of your tongue. How cruel it is. I know how it is myself. Sometimes when I was busy at work my little boy would bother me and I would snap at him and

drive him away, but I afterward hunted him up and begged his forgiveness. But some of you would sooner die than do that. Control your tongue and be kind to your children.

Think of the picture! I look upon that sweet child with his arms around my neck and he looks with beaming eyes of love in my face for the last time; and when his little arms are forever folded on his breast and he has gone from us, I never want to go in my parlour and look upon my child and say, "O, how his icy cold fingers point my memory to the past, and to my hard words and actions to that angelic child." God give us Christly teaching. Brethren, get your tongues under perfect subjugation. This is one ground on which you can enter the inner Church. Get your tongues straight.

But upon what other ground must I rely? "Because I have corrupted no man by my example." Brethren, what we need now is a few good examples. You go home, mother, and seat your little lovely daughter on your lap, and ask her, "Daughter, who is the best woman in the world?" and she will say, "Why, you, mamma." "Daughter, whom would you rather be like than anybody else?" and the sweet little child will say, "You, mamma." Ask the child such questions as that and she will answer always, "You, mamma." Ah, sister, that child is mistaken; yet she is that way—there's no doubt about that. The saddest thing a father ever said to me in all of my experience was this. I was pastor of a church then, and I have been pastor for eight years, and know all about the relations of pastor and people. I tell you, brethren, you can't love your pastor too much, or pray for him too much—he needs your examples and prayers. This brother said to me, about four weeks after I had preached a sermon in his town: "I heard your sermon on 'Home Religion,' and it waked me up." He was a man of intelligence. I said, "What about it?" "I went home," said he, "and studied my children four weeks, in all of their varied characteristics, and all of the phases of their character and life, and I reached a verdict." "What was that?" said I. "Well, I found out that my children haven't got a single fault that I or their mother hasn't got, or a single virtue that we have not got; a direct copy of my wife and myself our children are."

Our examples! A father said to me once, and he was a conscientious, good man, too: "A few days ago I was in a grocery store, where they sold provisions in the front part and kept beer and other liquors for sale in the back room. I was in there buying groceries, when a gentleman came in and said to me, 'Won't you have a glass of beer?' Without a thought, although I was never in the habit of it, I accepted. I walked back, and the beer was drawn, and as I put it to my lips my little boy pulled at my finger and said: 'Papa, what's that you're drinking?" I stopped drinking, and told the little fellow it was beer. After a while the child again pulled my finger and asked me: 'Papa, what was that you were drinking just now?' And I told him again it was beer, lager beer; and so it was again as we were going up the street, my child pulled at my finger again and said: 'What did you say that was you were drinking, papa?' and as he asked that again, O God, my God, I would have given all the world to have been able to recall that act. I am afraid that one act will make a drunkard of my child."

Our examples! Brethren, hear me. I shall never do, or suffer myself to do, or suffer anyone else to do, in my home, in the radius of my influence, anything that would or could curse mine or anybody's child. You can have cards at your house if you want to, but until this world burns down, I never will, so help me God; they shall never be brought in or remain in my house. Do you ask me why? Nine-tenths of the gamblers of this city were raised in Christian homes; they are the most polite and refined gentlemen in town, and if cards in any Christian home ever made a gambler out of a Christian boy, then so long as life shall last, I will never have cards in my house. If demijohns, and glasses, and bottles ever damned a member of the Church's son, then, so long as I have given my home to God, demijohns, glasses, and bottles shall have no place there. And some women have reached the degraded stratum where they are nothing more or less than bar-keepers for their husbands—stirring their toddies and mixing their drinks. Next to the biggest fool that God's eyes ever looked upon is a woman who stirs toddies for her husband; but the biggest fool God's eyes ever beheld is a woman that will marry a man with whiskey on his breath.

I know what I am talking about. I believe if I had had such a wife as some drinking men in this city have to-day, I would now be in a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell this moment; but, thank God, my wife never would touch, taste, nor handle, nor suffer it in her house. I have had a woman come to me, who in her young married life had indulged her husband and seen that his wines and liquors were carefully prepared for him—I have had her come to me with haggard face, and cry out, "O Mr. Jones, in God's name, help me to save my husband from death and hell;" and she gave her husband the first years of her married life in the encouragement of drinking. Hear me, brother, God's Gospel is to teach man to quit his meanness. Come to God, and let the Lord explain His own works and let God do His own work.

"I have corrupted no man with my life; my example has been right;" that's it. "I have wronged no man; I have set no bad example." In addition to that Paul said, I have defrauded no man in a business transaction. O, for hands like these to work for God and for man!

Talk about Ingersoll, I never met an *intelligent* man yet that had been damned by Bob Ingersoll. The only difference between Bob Ingersoll and any other fellow running after him is this: Bob Ingersoll plays the fool for $1,500 a night, and this little fellow runs after him and plays the fool for nothing, and boards himself. And I tell you Bob Ingersoll is going to continue to play that kind of a fool as long as this country gives him $1,500 a night to insult God and ridicule His precious Word; and yet you go to hear him. If I had a dog to go and hear him I would kill him. He couldn't come to my house any more.

"I have defrauded no man in any business transaction." Brother, let us look into this and do what it says; do what you say you'll do and quit defrauding men. Brother, hear me; a man who has $50,000, $100,000, riding in a $1,200 carriage and living in a $25,000 house, driving down the streets meets a poor old widow from whom he has stolen. I tell you if there is any hell, it's for that kind of a man. Let me tell you another thing—when the fellow does the clean thing, God Almighty will stand by him. He will give him three square meals every day if he has to put the angels on one-third rations. Let's do right

and defraud no man, and we will have righteousness, peace and joy.

Well, let's think about these things. I tell you I never—I never want to see a revival in this city, or anywhere else, that isn't bottomed on bed rock. Let's go down until you hear your boot-heels grating and grinding against the Rock of Ages. We want the sort of revival that will make men do the clean thing. We want a revival of righteousness; we want a revival of honesty; we want a revival of cleanness and purity, of debt-paying, of prayer-meetings, of family prayer, and of paying our brothers a little more salary. That's the sort of revival we want. The Lord give us this sort!

One more illustration in conclusion. Some months ago a man was fearfully crippled in his right leg by a railroad accident. It was fearfully mangled and bruised. They wanted to amputate the leg, but he said: "O I don't want to lose my limb; preserve it if you can." They watched at his side until at last the surgeon said: "My friend, the crisis has come when we must amputate your leg." He said: "Doctor, has it reached that point?" "Yes," said the surgeon. "Well," said he, submissively, "if there is no chance to save my leg, get your knife and go to work." When they got all ready and laid the patient on the table to commence the fearful operation, the surgeons desired to administer chloroform, but the mangled man said: "I do not want to take that; if I die I want to die in my full consciousness, but I want you to let me know by some sign when I begin to sink, so that I can breathe my spirit out in prayer." They told him that he couldn't stand the operation without chloroform, but he said that he could. The doctor picked up the knife and said to the patient: "If you see me lay the knife down on the table you may know that you are sinking."

The doctor commenced the operation, and the man did not flinch. When he struck the arteries he laid his knife down to adjust them, and the young man took it for a sign that he was dying, and commenced praying. The surgeon picked up the knife and resumed his work. In a few minutes the operation was over, and he saw he was saved, and he turned to the surgeon and said: "Doctor, when you picked the knife up from the table and began your operation, it was the sweetest

sensation I ever felt in my life." "What do you mean?" said the doctor. "I mean," said he, "that *those sensations meant life for me.*" Now, brother, when God Almighty throws down the pruning-knife it is a sign that you are sinking—the sword of the Divine Spirit cutting through the tendrils of sin; but, thank God, He has not laid down the sword. The sword of the Spirit means life. O, brother, come to life in the presence of Jesus, and die in His love. God help us to take these things home with us!

PEACE ON EARTH.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"WHAT means this glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused, "more bright that morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means this star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels answering, overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

'Tis eighteen hundred years, and more,
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him, like them of yore;
Alas! He seems so slow to come!

But it was said, in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold,
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round our feet shall ever shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

MEMORIES OF THE LATE REV. DR. CARROLL.

BY THE EDITOR.

It was to the present writer a great regret that the death of the Rev. Dr. Carroll was followed so soon by my own serious illness as to prevent at the time a personal tribute to his memory. That regret, however, was mitigated by the fact that an eminently suitable memorial was prepared by Dr. Carroll's old friend and fellow-worker, the Rev. W. S. Blackstock, and published in this Magazine. The enforced leisure of a long journey on a railway train on the head waters of the Spanish River, far north of Lake Huron, furnishes the opportunity to fulfil a long-purposed design of placing on record my personal recollections of one of the best men I ever knew.

My first acquaintance with Dr. Carroll was formed through his frequent and copious writings. He was already well known as one of the most vivacious and versatile of writers, ever ready to present his views in racy and idiomatic English on every social or connexional topic in the columns of the connexional organ. Soon he became known as the historian of Canadian Methodism. Few men ever wielded so facile a pen. His many books have had many and deeply interested readers. His five volumes on "Case and his Contemporaries" must ever remain a monument of his industry and research, and a mine of information for all future explorers in the same field.

It was during the later years of his life that I became intimately acquainted with Dr. Carroll. He honoured me with his friendship, and I highly appreciated the honour. I learned to love him as a father, to revere him as an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile. He often came to my house, and no man gave more pleasure by his coming than he. Even the children and the domestics were delighted at his kindly greeting and his quaint humour. He always had his word, too, of religious counsel or inquiry or encouragement. He would sometimes say, "I come to see you, for the same reason that the fellow came to see his sweetheart, not that I have any business, but because I love you."

Few men knew how to grow old so gracefully. Like sweet, sound fruit, he mellowed more and more to the very last. His was a very joyous Christian experience. He was all sunshine and light. He greatly recommended religion, especially to the young, by his cheery, genial manner. I said to him once, "How is it that you preserve your vivacity so wonderfully?" "Bless you," he replied, "*it* preserves me." There was sound philosophy in this remark. His heart never grew old. He preserved his mental elasticity to the very end.

Father Carroll always came out strong in his quaint originality and religious fervour at the Conference love-feasts. I remember him at one of these springing up on a chair and shouting, as he related his experience, "I am happy as a boy! happy as a boy!"

Often as I have driven around town with him he has pointed out to me the scenes of his boyish pranks and escapades, and of his early toils and trials of sixty years before. Those who have read his own touching story of his boy-life, will remember the privations and hardships he had to endure and the difficulties he encountered at that remote date in obtaining the rudiments of an education. He was the first scholar at the first Sunday-school ever held in Toronto, then York, in the old wooden Methodist meeting-house, on the corner of King and Melinda Streets. He describes himself as a little tow-headed, bare-footed boy, learning his letters from a printed sheet pasted, for preservation, on a shingle.

Notwithstanding these early difficulties, few men became better educated in the way of wide and varied reading, vigorous thinking and continuous writing. These habits he kept up to the end of his life. Long after his superannuation, few men of half his age read so many books, preached so many sermons, travelled so many miles, made so many visits and, above all, wrote so many newspaper articles. His mental activity was such that be idle he could not.

At the Belleville General Conference, in addressing the Conference he expressed the wish that he might be restored for a while to the active work—"just to show the boys how to do it,"—and his eyes twinkled with humour as he spoke. His wish was in a large degree granted before he passed from labour to reward. The Grand Trunk Railway Company having

established a shunting-yard a few miles east of Toronto, he determined to plant a church in the village there gathered. With characteristic energy he set about raising funds for the purpose, in the meantime establishing a Sunday-school, holding service as opportunity offered, visiting indefatigably throughout the neighbourhood and gathering a congregation. Soon the church was erected, and the day set for its dedication. That consummation he was not permitted to see. On the previous Sunday—the last Sunday in his life—he set out early in the morning in a November rain, with his waterproof and umbrella and with a roll of Sunday-school papers under his arm, to walk several miles to his new church to do his last Sunday's work for the Master whom he had served so long and so well. He spent the whole day in the church, preaching twice and superintending the Sunday-school. In this work he greatly delighted. He was wont on Saturday to supply himself with small coins, and if the scholars were not already furnished, to see that each received something for the collection—so important did he consider the habit of giving. On this particular occasion he administered the temperance pledge to every scholar in the school. In the evening the communion rail was surrounded by inquiring penitents, and the veteran preacher spent the last Sabbath night of his life in his beloved work of pointing sinners to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.

During the week he was again at the church making arrangements for the dedication of the following Sunday. He was taken ill and was soon stricken into paralysis and unconsciousness, and in a few hours slept away into his eternal rest. Beautiful ending of a beautiful life. Of him emphatically may it be said, "He ceased at once to work and live."

On the following Sunday, while his pulseless form lay cold in its coffin, the church into whose walls he had built his latest hours of life was formally dedicated to the worship of Almighty God. The present writer had the privilege of preaching the evening sermon, going thereto from the dying bed of the Rev. Dr. Rice, whose intrepid spirit, before another sun had set, joined his old companion-in-arms in that blessed world

> "Where the light of the better life
> Standeth at noon."

Translated heroes, let your mantles fall on not unworthy sons! Glorified saints, let your examples shine for our encouragement! "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

As I write these words in the flying train, and the fading autumn twilight veils the darkening landscape swiftly gliding by, what a picture is it of our fast-flying life! How unreal, how evanescent seem the stablest things on earth! How abiding and unchanging the eternal verities of God!

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

WHAT shall I give to thee, O Lord?
The kings that came of old
Laid softly on thy cradle rude
Their myrrh, and gems, and gold.

Thy martyrs gave their hearts' warm blood;
Their ashes strewed Thy way;
They spurned their lives as dreams and dust,
To speed Thy coming day.

We offer Thee nor life nor death;
Our gifts to man we give;
Great Lord, on this Thy day of birth
O, what dost Thou receive?

Thou knowest of sweet and precious things;
My store is scant and small;
Yet wert Thou here in want and woe,
Lord, I would give Thee all!

Show me Thyself in flesh once more;
Thy feast I long to spread;
To bring the water for Thy feet,
The ointment for Thy head.

There came a voice from heavenly heights:
"Unclose thine eyes and see,
Gifts to the least of those I love
Thou givest unto Me."

LONDON GUTTER CHILDREN.*

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

I WELL recall one morning when I acted as guide, philosopher, and friend to a kindly curious acquaintance of mine, who was desirous of seeing something of gutter children as they actually were, as they appeared in their home gutters, peeping into their habitations, observing what manner of people their parents might be.

Having, in answer to his questions, assured him that, in the day-time, in company with me, and with watch-guard and anything else that was specially calculated to tempt a person of predatory proclivities to "do a snatch," left behind, it was a perfectly safe undertaking to visit Badgers Court, we took our way to that quarter.

The place was well known by reputation. Its name was frequently mentioned in the local papers—mostly in the "Police Intelligence," where it figured as the residence of persons charged with being "drunk and incapable," "drunk and disorderly," faction fighters, wife beaters, and petty thieves. On the rarer occasions, when the name figured in the "General News" column, it was in connection with intimations that small-pox or fever was raging in it, or that its division had taken their departure for "The Hopping," or had returned from it. This latter announcement was usually the preliminary to extensive notice in the "Police Intelligence;" for it was the pleasant custom of the Badgers Court division to celebrate their return from the hopping, and squander whatever money they had gained there in high carousal, which invariably "eventuated" in work for the police. Most people in the locality knew, in a general way, whereabout it lay—knew that it lay down K——

*At this blessed Christmas-tide, as we seek to gladden the hearts of our own happy children, it may be well for us to contemplate the appalling condition and environment of many of the wretched children of poverty and vice. We shall better enjoy the Christmas cheer and gladness if we seek out and try to benefit and bless the orphaned, or worse than orphaned children of suffering and sorrow who may be found in all the great centres of population.—ED.

Street way, K—— Street being the leading street of the low quarter. But very few indeed, save its inhabitants, and those having business in it, knew *exactly* where the alley was. My friend, for instance, though an old inhabitant of the parish, would have failed to find it out on this morning had he been by himself. It was not visible from any main street, and the entry leading to it *seemed*, from the main street, to be a "blind" one. It appeared to lead no whither, to be closed in by the rear wall of a large boiler yard. But close under this wall, and at a little distance overshadowed by it, was a narrow opening into the court.

"What line should I take?" whispered my friend as I led him through this defile.

"Appear as if you had authority, and *don't* appear as if you had anything to give away; don't mind their crowding round you, and don't mind a bit of chaff."

The next moment we were in the court. It formed three sides of a square, the fourth side of which was made up by another wall of the boiler yard. It consisted of about thirty four-roomed houses, each of which was let out to at least two families,—families which, though wretchedly poor in all else, were for the most part rich in children. As we entered the court children were swarming in all parts of it. Many of them were without shoes or stockings, and all were wretchedly ill-clad and dirty; and while some few among them were robust, the majority had the sickly appearance that comes of habitual hard living, foul dwellings, and uncleanly habits. They were of all ages, from fourteen or fifteen years down to infants of scarcely as many months, who were to be seen *crawling* unheeded in the gutter. Still younger babies were being carried about much as though they were bundles of rags, by girls, some of whom were little more than infants themselves. The older ones, more particularly the boys, already acquiring loafing habits, were standing about in groups. The younger ones were running about, wildly yelling and shouting; and amid the general noise could be heard language of which it is sufficient to say that it was doubly horrible coming from such young lips. It was not a pretty picture that presented itself to the gaze of my inquiring friend.

As we stood watching the scene, a boy of nine or ten left one

of the groups, and began to come towards us, evidently with the intention of passing out of the court. He was barefooted, ragged, dirty, and hungry-looking, and yet with all these disadvantages was a rather good-looking boy, in the gipsy style. His features were regular; his dirt-matted hair jet black and curly, his dark eyes bright and flashing, though already their expression had become restless and furtive. He was an acquaintance of mine; and I knew him to be not only a gutter child, but, like many other gutter children, a nobody's child also. He had never known his father, and his mother after several temporary desertions had finally left him about a year before, since which time he had been "on his own hook." Any change in his circumstances brought about by the final disappearance of the mother, however, had been rather nominal than real; and so far as it was material, had probably been to his advantage. She was of the wicked, and her tender mercies to him had indeed been cruel. When in good humour she had taken him about public-houses with her, and, as her idea of motherly kindness, had let him sip out of her glass. When in bad humour, or drunk—which was very often—she had kicked and cuffed him; and at all times she had been wont to leave him pretty much to his own devices for food and clothing. He was known as "Kiddy" Miller; and so I addressed him on my friend whispering that he would like to have a little talk with him.

"Where are you off to now, Kiddy?" I asked as he came up.

"Nowheres particular; just for a turn round," he answered.

"Where are you living now?"

"Mrs. Price lets me doss along o' her Larry; they has a room all to their two selves, and Larry and me is chums in the daytime."

"But does she keep you as well as let you sleep in her room?" I asked in surprise, for I knew Mrs. Price was wretchedly poor.

"Lor' no!" exclaimed the boy. "It takes her and Larry all their time to keep theirselves; in course I has to grub myself, and find my own togs."

"And how do you grub yourself?"

At this question he began to fidget about uneasily, and seeing, as he would have said, "how he was held," I hastened to explain.

"Oh, it isn't about anything particular, Kiddy," I said, "there's no harm meant; it's the other way about, if anything; this gentleman only wants to know how a youngster like you *can* grub yourself."

"Oh, well," said Kiddy, reassured, and now speaking with somewhat of a philosophical air; "if yer *must*, yer can. Leastwise yer can *some;* sometimes yer can't, and then yer 'as to do without it till yer can; yer tries to be hard, and not to think about yer stummuck."

"But how do you get it when you *do* get it?" asked my friend; "do you beg?"

"No, I doesn't," answered Kiddy sharply; "sometimes people—mostly women—*has* chucked me a brown, and sometimes they've give me some apples or cherries, or summat o' that sort, but I never ast for 'em; I never cadged in my life."

"Do you work then?"

"Well, not as you may say reg'lar work, but I does a odd job when I can get it. I tries 'Carry yer parcel, sir?' sometimes, but that ain't up to much; yer may wait at a station all day without getting a chance,—they mostly cabs or out-door-porters now. Other times I push behind for the costers, or any of the other barrer-men as 'as got a extra load on, and sometimes if I got two or three browns to buy 'em, I tries the cigar lights. That's the best racket for them as isn't on their own hooks, and as is pretty sure of a mouthful of grub, whether they've made a good day or a bad un. But when yer on yer own hook, yer can't stick to it. Cos why? Yer can't all'us keep your stock money; if yer stummuck is gnaw-gnawing at yer, and yer've got the browns in yer pocket, they're bound to go for grub, and then it's all up with the lights till yer can get the ha'pence together again."

"But how do you manage when neither the lights nor the odd-jobbing bring in anything?" I asked, as Kiddy paused, with the air of one who had done with a subject.

He coloured, and again hesitated; and it was necessary to reassure him.

"Come, Kiddy," I said, "that's a good boy. I know you must often be very hard put to it. How do you manage now, when you can't pick up a copper at all?"

"Well," he said hurriedly, the flush on his cheek deepening

as he spoke, "when I gets that hungry I can't bear it no longer, I grabs a bit o' toke; I feels as I can't help it."

"What! Do you take bread out of the baker's shop?" I exclaimed; for I had never heard of anything of that kind against him.

"Oh, no," he answered promptly, "or you'd soon a heerd o' *me* bein' grabbed. I don't grab from shops; from school kids. I hides somewheres near one of the big schools and when I see one of the late uns a-comin' along with a good slice of toke in their hand, I jumps out, grabs it, and bolts. And there's another way I sometimes gets a bit of grub," he hurried on, naturally anxious to get away from this part of the subject; "I turns over the sweepings from the greengrocers' shops, and often finds a carrot or turnip, or some apples or pears among them."

"That's dangerous stuff to eat," said my friend. "They only sweep out what has gone bad. Don't such things make you ill?"

"Well," answered Kiddy, once more assuming a philosophical air, "sometimes they does give yer the gripes; but I don't know as that's much worse than the gnawin' when yer hasn't had nothin' for ever so long; and at any rate you has the blow-out first."

This concluded the subject of the "grubbing," and my friend's next question was—

"How old are you?"

"I dunno," answered Kiddy.

"What! not know your own age?" exclaimed my friend, looking astonished.

"Well, not esactly," replied Kiddy. "I b'lieve I was either nine or ten last hoppin'."

"Right he is!" This exclamation came from a slatternly-looking woman, who, lolling half way out of the upstairs window of the nearest house, had been coolly listening to the conversation. "Right he is," she repeated, on our looking up. "He was ten last hoppin'. I was down in the same gang as his mother. He was born'd at the hoppin'; as the sayen is, he's got no come-from: he was born'd under a haystack, and the cows eat his parish."

"Oh, you knew his mother, then?" said my friend. "How ——"

"Knew her!" cut in the woman, "which I should think I did; rather. Didn't she pull the hair out of my head by handfuls, just because I said a word to her about letting Kiddy go cripplin' with a dreadful bad foot, and never so much as lookin' at it; and which he got it through her a settin' of the rags a-fire as he was a-sleepin' on. I likes my glass myself, and at times, perhaps, when they've happened to come cheap, I've took my drops more'n was good for me; and I won't go even for to say I've never got drunk, though that ain't a thing as happens more'n once or twice in a year; but for all that, I could stand to tell her about her drinkin', I wouldn't be such a drunken beast as she was for a trifle. Why," she concluded, pointing to Kiddy, "she weaned him on gin, and the best day's work she ever did for him was when she took herself off."

She withdrew from the window as she finished speaking, and I was rather glad that she did, as I could see that Kiddy had been about to make some retort, and an altercation might have had the effect of putting an end to our excursion for the day, for rows in the court were wont to become general and violent.

"Never mind her," I said, leading the boy away from the spot. "You can't help what your mother has been."

"She could wollop her, anyway," said Kiddy, with a triumphant air.

"I've no doubt," said my friend, smiling; "but let us see, now; can you read or write?"

"Why, no," replied Kiddy, as if surprised that any one should be so ignorant as to suppose that he could.

"What, not a little?" persisted my friend.

"No, not a bit. I once did know some A B C, but I forgot it when I left off a-goin' to the school."

"Did you ever go to school, then?" I asked, for this was news.

"Yes, for a little while, off and on," he answered "It was the winter afore last, you know, when they gived breakfasts at the ragged school. I went for sake o' the grub; but when they seed as how it was for that, and as I come on'y o' mornin's, they told me I mustn't come at all."

"Didn't you like school, then, that you stayed away in the afternoon?" my companion asked.

"O, I liked it well enough, as far as that goes: it was the

grub what did it. The breakfast wasn't a filler, as you may say. It was on'y a middlin' slice o' bread, and a tin o' coffee, and didn't do yer for the day. If there had been a tea as well o' breakfast, I'd have gone reg'lar; but if yer grubs yerself, and they don't find yer in grub in school, yer must stop out of school to look for it."

My friend was an ardent advocate for education, but he was scarcely prepared to combat the proposition thus laid down; and therefore deftly shifted his ground.

"Well, but, you know, it is a very bad thing not be able to read or write," he observed. "There is no getting on nowadays without it. What do you think you will be when you are a man?"

"Oh, I dunno," answered Kiddy, rather cheerfully than otherwise. Then, after a pause, he added, "A coster, or summat o' that kind, if I'm lucky."

"And if you are not lucky?" I put in.

"If I ain't lucky," he repeated hesitatingly. "Well, if I ain't lucky, I must take my chance; I'll have to live somehow, same as others."

I knew the meaning of his hesitating manner. Poor Kiddy, child though he was, his daily battle with the world in the process of "grubbing himself," had made him prematurely wise in some things. Unconsciously he had grasped the ultimatum of the gutter child problem as the conditions of it stood. He felt that for him the outlook for life was either hard, precarious, ill-paid labour, or criminality—with the chances inclining more to the latter than the former. It is a hard thing to say, but that *is* the prospect before gutter children generally. The majority of them go in time to swell the ranks of the criminal or pauper, or semi-criminal or semi-pauper classes. Nine-tenths probably of our ordinary criminal class have come from the gutter; and to rescue a gutter child is, more likely than not, to nip a criminal in the bud.

Taking it that the conversation had come to an end, Kiddy was moving away, when my companion, noticing his bare feet, exclaimed—

"Where are your shoes, boy?"

"Ain't got none," promptly returned the boy, turning round.

"Well, but surely you know some one who would give you a pair of old boots."

"I don't know as I do," replied Kiddy; "beside, I shouldn't care for old shoes—on'y to sell."

"Do you mean to say you wouldn't wear them, then?"

"Not if I knowed it," said Kiddy, with a knowing shake of the head.

"Why not?"

"Cos I knows what's good for my 'ealth," was the answer, given with an air of superior knowledge. "None of your old shoes for me."

"Old ones would be better than none."

"Oh, would they just!" exclaimed Kiddy, evidently pitying my friend's ignorance. "If you'd try 'em, you wouldn't think so; you'd soon want to go buff-footed agen. I tried 'em once when I was green, and didn't they warm me, that's all. If the second-handers 'as 'ad 'em, and done 'em up and stretched the knubbles out on 'em, they're pretty well; but if yer 'as 'em just as they've been wored, won't the knubbly parts rawr yer poor feet—that's all!"

My friend felt that *he* was being patronised and schooled, and thought it was wise to retire while he could do so with dignity.

We proceeded on our way into the court, and Kiddy went on his way rejoicing—made happy for the time being by a few "browns."

The heathen-like ignorance generally prevailing among gutter children, is, if thoughtfully considered, a truly appalling thing. Take a representative instance that came under our notice in the course of this particular morning "round."

In one room we found a girl of eleven in charge of four other children; her mother, a widow, being out working in the gardens. The youngest child, a baby of fifteen months, lay sick nigh unto death. It was unconscious, and lay weakly moaning, and rolling its head restlessly from side to side. "It's orfle bad," the girl said, and she didn't think as how it would get over it; "it had got wuss and wuss, and weaker and weaker, and now it can't take nothink, the medicine nor nothink."

"Do you know where it will go to if it dies?" asked my companion looking from the little sufferer to the girl.

"To the cemetry," she answered, opening her eyes wide with surprise. "There's the parish as 'ill be obliged to bury it."

"I don't mean that," said my friend; "do you know where its spirit will go to?"

"Its spirit!" she repeated, a vacant look coming over her face. "Its spirit! I dunno."

"You know where good children go to when they die, surely?"

"I dunno as I do perticlar," she replied after a pause; "there ain't none on 'em lives hereabout, it's on'y us."

"But surely you know that the good people and the bad people go to different places!" exclaimed my friend, a touch of impatience mingling with his astonishment. "Don't you know where wicked people—people who lie, or swear, or steal, or the like—go to?—"

"Well, if they gets dropped on, I 'spose they 'as to go before the beak."

My companion not being up in the slang, I explained to him that by the "beak," was meant the magistrates. Thus enlightened, my friend, who seemed unable to realise the possibility of such utter ignorance continued—

"I'm afraid you don't understand me, my dear," he said. "Haven't you heard of a good place, a beautiful place, where little children and good people go to when they die—a place called 'heaven'?"

She a'most thought she had, she answered, after a pause, but she wasn't quite sure.

My readers also may, perhaps, scarcely be able to credit the possibility of such terrible ignorance as this, but in all sorrowfulness of spirit I can assure them that it is anything but uncommon among gutter children. Many of those unhappy children know not that there is an hereafter, have never been told that they have a soul to be saved.

THE Holy Son of God most high,
For love of Adam's lapsed race,
Quit the sweet pleasure of the sky
To bring us to that happy place.
His robes of light He laid aside,
Which did His Majesty adorn,
And the frail state of mortal tried,
In human flesh and figure born.
The Son of God thus man became,
That men the sons of God might be,
And by their second birth regain
A likeness to His deity.

—*Henry Moore.*

The Higher Life.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY THE REV. H. BONAR.

He has come! The Christ of God;
Left for us His glad abode;
Stooping from His throne of bliss,
To this darksome wilderness.

He has come! the Prince of Peace;—
Come to bid our sorrow cease;
Come to scatter with His light
All the shadows of our night.

He the mighty King has come!
Making this poor earth His home,
Come to carry sin's sad load;—
Son of David, Son of God.

He has come, whose name of grace
Speaks deliverance to our race;
Left for us His glad abode;—
Son of Mary, Son of God.

Unto us a Child is born!
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn,
Among all the morns of time,
Half so glorious in its prime.

Unto us a Son is given!
He has come from God's own Heaven,
Bringing with Him from above,
Holy peace and holy love.

The Secret of Christmas.

The first Christmas Day not only gave a new date to the world's history, but a new principle to the world's life. Song of angel, gleam of star, radiant face of the infant Christ, revealed to men the heart of God. They had seen His thunder and His lightning; His tempest and whirlwind had been round their paths from of old; they numbered His stars, and caught the secret of the mighty law which held them all in its leash; His name was unspeakable, the very thought of Him was terrible; He demanded all, and to give Him all was only to return that which He had bestowed.

Suddenly, in song and star and divinely human face, a new truth breaks upon the world: God is love and the heart of Divinity is sacrifice. No supreme and arbitrary ruler on the throne of the universe, no awful law-giver relentlessly driving men onward with the scourge and whip of fate; but a God of infinite love, bearing the burdens of the world, carrying its cross, giving, giving, giving through all eternity! Many a Christmas Day has come and gone since that truth began to go abroad among men; many another will come and go before men

understand that God is God not because He has infinite power but because He *is* Infinite Love.

Has there ever been a real Christmas Day in your soul? Have you learned and do you live the great truth that it is better to give than to receive? Are you enriching yourself eagerly with knowledge, experience, influence, wealth, that you may pour all these things out upon a world that calls for you as Macedonia called for Paul? Not to be ministered unto, but to minister, is the secret of Christmas Day; the secret, in one word, of all joy, peace, growth, and power.

Christmas Gifts to Christ.

In these days of plans for the year's great festival, when friends keep delightful secrets from each other, the secular preparation for Christmas is apt to overshadow the religious. We hardly realize the full beauty and significance of the anniversary until it is upon us, or already past. Happy is that heart that makes ready its first gifts directly for the holy child Jesus. We can have no surprise for Him; but He is just as ready to receive our offerings as when the magi bent before Him in His lowly presence chamber at Bethlehem. Gold, myrrh, and frankincense they brought. May we not consider these as symbolical gifts, and ourselves lay at His feet the more precious things which they signify? Our gold and all possessions come from Him. Do we not owe a large part of them to His direct service? And will there not be a blessing upon all Christmas giving when its first-fruits are thus consecrated? The Prince, during His temporary absence, has left representatives among us, and whatever is done for them out of love to Him will be accounted as done to Himself. "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord." "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me." Myrrh, that bitter-sweet among eastern treasures, may fitly represent the penitent heart for which He asks. "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, a broken and contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." Frankincense is a type of the prayer which is His delight. "Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense." "There was given unto Him much incense, that He should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne."

Repentance, prayer, and generous giving—may each year see more and more such tributes offered to the Christ child, until the whole earth is filled with His glory and He shall come again to His own.—*Miss H. L. Keyes.*

The Meaning of the Advent.

The stupendous fact of the Incarnation is the great central fact in the annals of the human race, if not of the universe. It stands in the midst of the ages, midway between the beginning and the ending of human history, to which the former times all looked forward, and on which the latter times are all looking backward—the fulfilment of the past, the foundation of the future. This era did not burst upon the world unheralded. To invest it with every possible attribute of interest and attraction, to betoken its immeasurable significance and importance, it was ushered in with great pomp and pageantry; it was preceded by a grand, imposing retinue of events which in their far-sweeping procession extended across forty centuries. During these four thousand years the most costly and splendid preparations were being made. The coming of the Messiah of God and the Saviour of man was the event to which all things assumed the posture of eager expectancy and desire.

The Incarnation is the response of heaven's mercy to the passionate and agonizing appeal of earth's misery, the answer of God the Saviour to the question of man the sinner, "Has God been mindful of our race? Is He mindful of it still? Has God visited the children of men, and does He visit them still? Is He a God nigh at hand, and not afar off?" The Gospel of modern science tells us that man is too insignificant a being to be the object of such transcendent divine solicitude and effort; that the earth he inhabits is only a tiny speck amid the immensities of space, in astronomical rank and territorial magnitude the veriest littleness; that human life in its brevity and fleetingness is an infinitesimal point in the presence of the interminable, immeasurable ages of the physical universe which no arithmetic can sum up and no imagination can grasp; that humanity is but one link in an illimitable series under the government of the same necessary and unalterable laws which control the infinitude of forces and phenomena, and that the idea of being singled out from the rest of living beings by a super-

natural intervention is an ambitious superstition which philosophy must frown down as impossible to be true, and presumptuous ever to imagine. All these surmises and suspicions which the boundlessness, and the inexorableness, and the immovable rigidity and uniformity of nature suggest to the scientific inquirer, are refuted and dissipated by the mystery of the Incarnation. In the Babe of Bethlehem, in the Man of Calvary, we see the Mighty One coming near to us, and near to us to be merciful to us, near to us to be our Saviour and Redeemer; we gaze upon the face of God; we look into the heart of God; we see the Infinite stooping down to the finite, and God linked to the heart of a man. This is the one sufficient answer to the grovelling and beggarly theory, the low, narrow, minifying criticism that would divest the world, and divest the creature that is its possessor and ruler, and the redemptive economy of which it is the theatre, of the transcendent grandeur and interest which the Advent throws around them.

What the Day Signifies.

To thousands the holy Christmas Day has but a low significance. To many it is simply a cessation from their usual business. To many it means the giving or receiving of gifts. To others it means visiting or receiving visits, and enjoying great dinners. To many others still the day means a time of carousal, of drinking and drunkenness, of noise and tumult, often of bloody fights and even of murder. Alas! how the blessed day has been degraded from high and wonderful meanings.

It is the day which the angels once celebrated when in joyful troops they came down the starlit pavements of heaven, when the night became bright as the day by the fluttering of innumerable wings of light, and when such songs as men had never heard before thrilled the air with music whose echoes have sounded down through all the ages since. It is the day on which the holy Son of God took upon Himself the form of a humble babe, when He condescended to our human estate and became one of us that He might link our humanity to God. This is the event and that the day which our Christmas anniversary celebrates. Let the day, then, be kept with gladness and sincerest joy, in memory of God's wonderful love in giving to the world The Unspeakable Gift.

THE SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL AND THE FAILURE OF THE NEW THEOLOGIES.

BY JOHN F. HURST, D.D.,

A Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

II.

Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.—Jeremiah vi. 16.

Brethren, I write no new commandment unto you, but an old commandment which ye had from the beginning.—I. John ii. 7.

II. LET us now examine some of the later substitutes for the striking qualities of the early Church. The times have produced an abundance of them. This is a different picture. There are many teachers in these days who claim that the Gospel is an outlived thing; that it belongs to a more primitive period; that in this broad and sunlit age we have arrived at a higher plane, and need a stronger food. Now, when a new candidate advances with his propositions, and presents himself for our suffrage, we have a right to ask, what has been his past? What has he done? was Napoleon's question before he would promote. What has been the record of our new theologies? I answer, that there is not a single triumph which either an unevangelical confession or a skeptical individual has achieved, in the line of a broader civilization or a stronger building up of the kingdom of righteousness and justice among men. Men do not go to the stake for a negation. Those who deny the divinity of the Lord, or believe in a universal salvation without regard to the deeds of the lifetime, have never made sacrifices to propagate their opinion, or expended money to carry their Gospel to the poor at home.

Look over the world's missionary map. Who are the men who have gone to distant lands, and set up the printing-press, and reared schools, and gathered in orphans, and carried healing of the body to sufferers? Are they the spirits which disbelieve in the Holy Trinity, or the inspiration of the Bible, or the divinity of Christ, or the conversion of the soul? From what kind of homes did such men as Carey and Marshman and Ward come? Across what kind of thresholds did Judson and Newell march to India and immortality? Who conceived the idea of carrying fundamental truths to China, and Japan, and the islands of the sea, and are now trying to plant the seeds of Western civilization and broad intelligence along the Congo, and thus open up new pathways for the coming millions of Africa? Who have educated hundreds on the Sandwich Islands, or translated the masterpieces of English thought into many languages of this babbling earth, and produced a new literature everywhere? Who of the skeptical poets or scholars fixed the modern form of any great language? Yet this has been achieved by Christian men, in both Germany and Great Britain. It was done by Luther for German literature when he gave his version of the Bible to the Fatherland. From that source has sprung all that is good and strong and beautiful in the German literature of the succeeding centuries. Klopstock, Lessing, Goethe and Schiller would have been impossible without it. Never did the English tongue assume its fixed and pure form until the King James' version of the Bible saw the light.

Look at our own land. When this country was only a wilderness, and

there was nothing but a rude and barbarous population, who conceived the idea of building up a great literature for the people? One of the first books published in this country was the Indian Bible, printed by John Eliot, a devoted missionary to the barbarous Indians of New England. The first school-system was based upon Christian principles and organized by Christian men. Harvard was evangelical, and Yale was largely a theological seminary. The entire basis of our popular life was Christian, even in the Colonial times. Then came a generous outpouring of God's Spirit. Whitefield swept along the Atlantic coast like an angel of light. Tennent, and Edwards, and many other preachers, saw thousands come to God, and the whole land was blessed with evangelistic zeal. There were doubters later along. Paine fulminated his new theology, but it came too late. This new nation of the United States was ushered into existence amid the blaze of revivals, and the infidelity of the time was burned to a crisp. There is nothing so powerful to consume all skepticism as a revival of God's work. The conversion of souls is an atmosphere too bracing, too lofty, for infidelity to live in.

We may test the new theologies by another standard. What have they contributed towards the great humanities of the age? The world is still very needy, and requires all that can be done for its relief. See its uneducated millions. Who are the generous spirits to step forward, and relieve this vast multitude, when thousands are famishing? What hands, but those of God's chosen friends, come with blessings for the needy? See, when four millions of slaves were thrust upon us without education, and without proper support. Was it the skeptical man, or the non-evangelical church, which came forward, and built schools, and threw about them a mantle of Christian sympathy? No. Had the liberated slaves been compelled to rely for relief from such a quarter, it never would have come. The evangelical Church sent down to the South teachers, and preachers, with generous hand, and built up that African race to its present promising manhood. Every advance in the South has been a triumph of evangelical Christianity, while the skeptic has walked with the Priest and the Levite on the other side of the way.

A further important question is, how are we to reach the many thousands of the unevangelized of our own growing city population? We hear of the great riots of London, where the multitudes overpowered the police, and took possession of the most frequented parts of the West End, and boldly possessed themselves of the shops and the fruits of the shopkeeper's earnings. How are we to guard against similar demonstration of lawless mobs? I answer by taking hold of the mob in its childhood; by educating the people when they are young, and training them into a beautiful and strong Christian life. By surrounding the young with all the sympathy of Christian faith and Christian character, no mob can ever be. The rioter of to-day, with the stone in his hand and the oath on his lips, is the little hungry street arab of yesterday. The anarchist is just what our inertia makes him. Here are some of the problems which the Church of our day is to solve. For the great upbuilding work of society, for all the humanizing and educating forces, we must thank only the Christianity of our times. But we cannot expect the people to gravitate toward our Churches; we shall find ourselves mistaken the moment we suppose it possible. There is no blind law by which they enter our edifices, and take their seats, and feel at home. We must go in search of them. We must seek them upon the highways and the hedges, and compel them to come in.

But where shall the money come from? It is too late in the centuries for such a question. In the early period, when there was nothing in the hand of the Church, the inquiry would have been in place; but in these later days it is too late. The wealth of the world is to-day possessed by its Christian people, or by the people in sympathy with Chris-

tianity. Let the Christian heart only arise in its might and majesty, and nothing can arrest the progress of the world's evangelization. Christendom has enough gold to send missionary ships out upon every sea, and to plant missions over all the wide world, and to put a Bible in every heathen hand within the next six months.

III. Let us now look at some of the hopeful signs of to-day. There is no real ground for discouragement, as we look abroad upon the needy world. There is danger in taking too gloomy a view. Every true Christian must have an element of optimism in him. His faith teaches him the certain coming of a brighter day. There is evidence enough, on every hand, to prove that the work of God is extending, and that a pure and evangelical Christianity is taking firmer root at home and abroad. There has never been so strong a disposition to carry the Gospel to the poor as now. Never were so many children gathered into Christian Sunday-schools as to-day. At no time have churches been built with such wonderful rapidity. Never have so many people believed in the power of Christ to save, and to save to the uttermost. At no time have so many, as now, been ready to accept this great salvation. Never have so many been willing to give for the education of the toiling and aspiring young. Money has been poured in for the foundation and establishment of schools of every grade, as in no former century. Never have such safeguards been thrown around the reading of the young people, and such pains taken to arrest the spread of corrupting literature. Never have the strong arm of the law and the conscience of the land held so firm a grasp upon the sale of intoxicating liquors as at this very time. Let only the people of these United States be granted the simple Anglo-Saxon right to vote upon this question, and there are not five States in the Union that would not soon have an everlasting prohibition. Let only such men be elected to our State legislatures, both the Senate and the House, as will vote that this question be submitted to the people, and that is all we ask. We demand no decision from any political party on the moral quality of the temperance question. Alas, that could not be expected, of any party, for many a long year. But we do demand that the people have the opportunity to vote on the question, and to say whether or not prohibition shall go into the State constitutions, and stay there forever. The end of the long bondage would soon come. The party—call it by what name you may—which opposes this small right, must soon get ready to retire from all leadership, for the sentiment is strong, and getting always stronger, in favour of absolute prohibition.

We look abroad to Europe, and find that there is a growing confidence in all the great institutions of our holy faith. There is an increased respect for the Sabbath in Berlin, and societies are being organized for its better observance. Strong voices are now getting to be heard in other countries than Germany, in favour of one holy day. The pauper question has been solved in Germany by securing work for those who are able to do it, and by proper support and care for the helpless citizens. Ministers and humane individuals from the laity, even in that land, are publicly advocating the limitation of the use of intoxicating drinks. There is an increased attendance of worshippers in the Protestant churches of all countries on the Continent.

In German theology, the tone of the publications and the spirit in the universities are far more evangelical than three decades ago. An increased reverence for the Word of God is exhibited in the growth of Sunday-schools, which have now overspread the whole of Protestant Germany. In no respect is the loftier tone of evangelical theology in Germany more perceptible than in the growth of the attendance of theological students in the universities. Whenever orthodox Christianity declines, the number of candidates for the ministry drops off. In all lands and in all times, the applicants for the functions of the ministerial office

have been the test of the people's faith. No man, however young, likes to go upon a fruitless errand. What is the picture we now behold? During the last few years the attendance of theological students in the Prussian universities shows an amazing increase. In 1881-2 the attendance was only 1,394; in 1882-3 it was 1,690; in 1883-4 it was 1,926; and in 1884-5 it was 2,322. This is an increase, in four years, of 1,156 students, or 83.9 per cent. What does this mean? That popular faith is more intense; that the hold of the Bible on all classes is broader and deeper than at any time for many years.

In France, the work of the McAll Mission, and the various agencies which have sprung out of it, give ground to conclude that more has been done to give the Gospel to the poor, and the *ouvriers* of France within the last ten years than in the half century preceding them. The Republic means liberty for all and the end of the long reign of the priesthood. In Italy, we find that all confessions are on an equal basis before the law, and that the country has been entered by representatives of various evangelical Churches, who have only been waiting for the opportunity to preach the Gospel, not only to them that are in Rome, but also to the Italians throughout the Peninsula. In 1859 it was illegal to hold a Protestant service within the city walls. But now there is a Bible house on the Corso of the seven-hilled city, where "they that are in Rome" can have free access to the sacred truth. You need fear nothing if you should to-day stand on the steps of St. Peter's Church, and distribute General Rules of the Methodist Episcopal Church to the ingoing worshippers.

In the Scandinavian countries of the north, there is a more hopeful outlook than at any former time. The great crowds listening to the preaching of Waldenstrom are a positive proof that the people desire to worship without State limitation. Our Swedish mission has effected an entrance into the Russian province of Finland; and, thus far, our history has been that we have never retreated after making an advance. If we turn south-eastward, to the Balkan peninsula, the recent events warrant the conclusion that the time is not far distant when that whole territory will be covered with Christian missions. In the days of the apostles, that country was all ablaze with the light of the Gospel. Even Paul laboured there in person, and to Macedonia he was invited by a miraculous vision. For ages that whole region has been under the accursed rule of the Turk, but his hold is now getting looser. Yet the people are still crying, "Come over into Macedonia, and help us."

Never has there been such an interest in religious topics as to-day. Look at the progress that has been made in the study of the sacred text, and in the knowledge of the ancient peoples, and the cities where they lived. Old Babylon, and Nineveh, and the ancient cities of Phœnicia, are being revived from their long sleep, and made to tell the story of their distant past. No discovery has obscured a single letter of God's Word. Everywhere we find a confirmation of the Scriptural declarations. And this is going to continue. The great work is only just begun. Only lately discoveries have been made in the upper Nile which throw a new and strange light on the life of Egypt in the time of the Israelitish bondage. If in recent times some of the books of Livy, and of other classical authors, have been discovered—and if within five years the Teaching of the Twelve has been discovered in an Armenian convent in Constantinople—and if Tischendorf brought to light missing links in our New Testament version when he found the leaves of a new codex in St. Catharine's Convent on Mount Sinai, may we not expect to find in the islands of the Ægean Sea, and in Asia Minor, and in Armenia, and in the valley of the Nile, manuscripts which will corroborate God's Word? We have picked up only a few pebbles of confirmatory truth; God's ocean of new testimony lies undiscovered before us.

Turn now to the far-off mission

fields. Carey, in 1793, was not permitted to set up his printing-press in British India, but now the Gospel is free over that entire land, which is so vast that it might be called a continent. When the body of the brave Coke was committed to the depths of the Indian Ocean, in 1814, it was feared in Ceylon that all hope of planting a successful mission by the Wesleyans of England would have to be given up. But our harvest field has never been of less size than our God's Acre, whether on land or sea. Our fallen heroes—Coke in India, Wiley in China, and Kingsley in Syria—invite us to the places where they ascended to their coronation, and tell us to move on for further conquests. All India is now radiant with a network of prosperous and aggressive missions. The government of India by England is based on Christian principles. Britain learned by the terrible experience of the Mutiny of 1856 that all further sympathy with the native idolatries was only subversive of her rule, and ever since then the missionary has found support in the government of the country, and ever will, until India becomes a Christian land, from the Himalayas down to Cape Comorin.

In China and Japan all ports are open, and the towns and cities along the inland waters invite the missionary, and in due time the Gospel will reach every part of their dense populations. In the new England of Australia, Van Diemen's Land, and New Zealand, the lands are vocal with the praises of our King Immanuel. For Africa, too, the better day has come at last. The missionary will not be left alone to die of fever, but with him goes the colonist, and later will go the trader, so that the time is coming when Africa shall have its system of missions, which shall not be behind those of any other part of the world. God's work for His benighted children has often been His speediest. One stroke of Lincoln's pen broke the shackles of all the American slaves. May not the time come when the spiritual bondage of Africa, the world's historical slave, shall be terminated with similar despatch? South America and Mexico are inviting the missionaries with pleading voice and outstretched hand. They are the picture of the helplessness of Romanism to deal with native idolatrous populations. The Protestant missions already established south of the United States are but the harbinger of better times for the suffering and misled millions between the Gulf of Mexico and Cape Horn. Deliverance from both savage idolatry and Roman corruption is sure to come.

We are now engaged in a new and larger effort for the world's conversion. The successors of the past have revealed, in fuller measure, the vast needs of the future. Our own Church gave its pledge for a million dollars as our annual gift for the world's conversion. Compared with our large membership, the resources at our command, the breadth of the mission which we have volunteered to cultivate, and the countless thousands who still lie in the darkness of idolatry, the sum is small. We ask no average gift from our members, no poll-tax method of raising this sum. We ask of the strong to give as best they can, if their gifts ascend to the hundreds and the thousands. We ask of the weak to contribute only according to their ability, if their offerings be only a few farthings. Let the love we bear our Lord and His still blinded creatures in all lands, be the measure of our sacrifice. To organize for this great result, to labour by speech and pen and every possible plan, to breathe a hopeful and aggressive spirit into the body of our membership, is a duty of our ministry all over this broad land. One million now laid on God's altar for the conversion of the world, may mean two millions, and even more, a year, before the bells shall have rung the nineteenth century out and the twentieth in!

The young men who here to-day offer themselves for the ministry of our Lord, have a varied picture before them. They could not stay in the plane of secular things when God was calling them to stand upon

the wall of Zion. They are where they are by a profound necessity, a Divine compulsion. They came up, for the most part, from Christian homes, for it is an historical truth that the ministry are largely supplied from the households where God is loved and honoured.

In the days when controversy was the need of the hour, there were heroes who feared not to defend and expound our doctrines, and they did it with marvellous skill. The circuit rider did not hesitate to hold aloft the doctrines of free grace, repentance, justification by faith, the witness of the Spirit, and sanctification, in the cold of winter and the heat of summer, while he expected immediate results from his labours. The present flourishing Churches over all your broad territory, are the proof of their unfailing success. Later preachers followed on in worthy succession, and wear to-day bright crowns in the homes of the resting warriors for the truth. Their best monument is the life they lived. Of the living I need not speak. Happy if they finish their course with equal spirit and sublime faith!

Here are young men who to-day offer themselves for place in this pure apostolic succession. If they would triumph as their fathers did, they must ask for the old ways, and inquire for the old paths, and walk in them with unfaltering step. No field has ever been so wide as that on which we look, with sharp sickle in hand. The opportunity is boundless, and our time is short. We know not, nor is there any revealed word which tells us, how far the number of souls we lead to Christ shall affect our beatitude in heaven; but if, when a working-day closes here, the number of parched lips to which we have given the cup of cold water, the number of starving children whom we have fed, shall add to our comfort as we sit in the evening at the fireside; if when all the days of work are over, and we come to the end of life, the pains we have assuaged, the aching hearts we have cheered, the ignorant whom we have educated, and the kind words we have spoken, shall make the dying bed seem softer or more welcome, what shall we say of the relation of the saving of souls now to the joy of heaven hereafter? May not the magnitude of the harvest have something to do with the volume of the song of the harvest-home? May not the number of precious souls whom we have been instrumental in saving, bear some close relationship to the bliss of heaven? Jesus Christ Himself, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross. To the harvest-field, then, brothers in the ministry, and let our sheaves be many!

Current Topics and Events.

Our Progress and Prospects.

The past year has been the best in the history of this Magazine in increase of circulation and, we believe, also in increase of interest and influence. We have had an addition of nearly 400 subscribers to our list, and expect next year to have a still greater increase. To this end we hope our present readers will promptly renew their own subscriptions and kindly endeavour to send also that of some one else. Please show your Magazine to some neighbour and solicit his patronage. We would be sorry to lose a single subscription, but our friends will remember that the rules of the office prevent the continuance of a name without an order to that effect.

Our new cover will commend itself to our readers as a decided improvement. We purpose to make other and still more marked improvements

from time to time. By the use of a considerable number of "inset" pages, we have, during the last year, added about fifty pages to the reading matter of the MAGAZINE. By using slightly thinner leads we will get more lines in a page and thus add about fifty pages more of reading matter during the next year. A large number of the engravings of the forthcoming volumes will be superior to any we have ever published. The announcement in our advertising pages indicates only part of the good things in store for our readers during 1887.

The illustrated articles by the Marquis of Lorne, who still maintains his deep interest in Canada, on Canadian Life and Enterprise, and on the Canadian Pacific Railway, will be of great and permanent value.

We are under great obligation to the ministers to whose kind co-operation in promoting the circulation of this MAGAZINE its success is so largely due. We confidently expect their continued good-will and help to secure a large increase in the number of our patrons for the forthcoming volumes.

INDIAN MISSIONS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The history of the Indian missions of the Methodist Church on the Pacific Coast is one of the most remarkable in missionary annals. Of this we were strongly reminded as we visited, in the city of Victoria, the neat and commodious Indian chapel, whose cost was, to a considerable extent, defrayed by the Indians themselves. In the presence of Mrs. Deix, one of the principal agents in promoting this work, we heard its story recounted by Bro. McKay, one of its faithful helpers for many years.

The first Indian mission services in the city were held in a whiskey saloon hired for the purpose. There came one night to the door Mrs. Deix, then a pagan chieftess; but her antagonism to Christianity would not allow her to enter. At length her prejudice was overcome, she attended the services and was soon soundly converted. From that hour the burden of her prayers was that her pagan son and his wife, six hundred miles up the coast, might be brought to Victoria that they also might be converted. Contrary to all human expectation they came with a score of kinsfolk in midwinter to Victoria. But her faith was subjected to another trial. They refused to attend the Christian worship, and mocked at her religous convictions. The power of Christian song and Christian testimony, however, overcame their prejudices, and soon the son and wife and many more were converted, among them the David Salasaton, who all too soon wore out his young life in fervent preaching the new joys of salvation among the northern tribes. Dr. Punshon, who listened with delight to his burning words, declared him to be one of the most eloquent speakers he ever heard.

From this apparently inadequate beginning has come, in the providence of God, the wonderfully successful Indian missions at Port Simpson, Bella-Bella, Bella-Coola and Naas River, with their hundreds of converted Indians and transformed villages where Christian prayer and praise have succeeded the pagan orgies of savage tribes.

Mrs. Deix, who is still a woman in the prime of life, and of great energy of character, at the service we had the privilege to attend, related in fervent words her Christian experience—first in English, then, as her heart warmed, in her native tongue; and was followed in like manner by several others. The singing was a special feature. In rich sweet voices and with a tear-compelling pathos, they sang in their own tongue the familiar tunes, "Rescue the Perishing," "Ring the Bells of Heaven," and "Shall we Gather at the River."

Few things exhibit stronger evidence of the transforming power of Divine grace than the contrast between the Christian life and character of these converted Indians and the squalor and wretchedness of the still pagan Indians on the reserve near the city.

In company with the Rev. Mr. Percival, to whose unwearying kindness our visit to Victoria owes much of its pleasure and profit, we visited this village. The house, like most of the Indian lodges on the west coast, was a large common house of logs with slab roof, occupied by several families, each with its own fire upon the bare earth floor and its own domestic outfit. This is very meagre—a few woven mats, a bed upon a raised dais, a few pots and pans. As we entered, a low plaintive croon or wail greeted our ears. This we found came from a forlorn-looking woman in wretched garb, crouching beside a few embers. As we drew near she lapsed into sullen silence, from which no effort could move her.

Yet that these poor people have their tender affections we saw evidence in the neighbouring graveyard, in the humble attempts to house and protect the graves of their dead. We noticed one pathetic memorial of parental affection in a little house with a glass window, on which was written the tribute of love and sorrow, "In memory of Jim." Within was a child's carriage, dusty and time-stained, doubtless the baby carriage of Jim. An instinct old as humanity, yet ever new, led the sorrowing parents to devote what was most precious to the memory of their child.

Our Chinese Mission in Victoria, B. C.

Nothing more strongly impressed the present writer during his recent visit to the Pacific Coast than the ubiquitous presence of the Chinaman. He is everywhere—in the towns and villages and country—camped beside the railway and washing gold by the river bank—and travelling by the steamboat and railcars and on foot. They occupy whole streets of Victoria with large business establishments, with two Joss-houses—a sort of temple—and one or two theatres. They do most of the market gardening and domestic service and menial work of the city.

We were continually haunted by the thought that here was a fragment of a vast system of paganism in the heart of our Christian civilization. Among the three or four thousand Chinamen in Victoria not twenty are Christians. These thousands of heathen are representative of four hundred millions of our race. Is there not here a grand opportunity for the Christian Churches to do important missionary work among these pagans in our very midst! Even self-interest should impel them thereto, for if they do not seek to Christianize those pagan masses, *they* will to a no small degree paganize the communities among which they dwell.

We are glad that the Methodist Church has entered the open door of opportunity thus set before it in the city of Victoria. We had the pleasure of twice attending the service of the Chinese Methodist Mission and were greatly impressed with the value of the good work being done. When Dr. Sutherland was in Victoria in 1885 he baptized and received into Church membership eleven Chinese converts. These we found, we think without exception, amid discouragements and persecution, holding fast to their Christian profession.

A most valuable missionary has been found in Mr. Vrooman, an accomplished Chinese scholar, who devotes himself with enthusiasm to the work. He is the son of a Presbyterian missionary, was born in China and speaks the language with such fluency that he is employed in the Custom-house as Chinese interpreter. It was very impressive to hear him go over with his Chinese congregation the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer in both English and Chinese, and to hear them sing the familiar doxology and such hymns as "Blest be the tie that binds" and others in their strange foreign tongue. We had the privilege of addressing, through him, this interesting congregation. On being introduced to several of them they exhibited much intelligence and thankful appreciation of the provision made for their religious and secular instruction. It is a remarkable fact that the attendance at the purely religious meetings is much larger than that at the classes for secular instruction.

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We were much struck with the prevalent air of thrift and industry of the Chinese population. They seemed all hard at work, and many of their business firms are of great wealth and do a large volume of trade, receiving whole cargoes of tea, rice, etc., direct from China. It is true that the poorer class huddle in miserable rookeries and defy all sanitary laws; but that, it seems to us, could be easily remedied by rigorous municipal regulation and inspection.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Wesleyan Methodist.

Notwithstanding the crippled state of the Mission Fund, additional missionaries are being sent out to different parts of the world. Recently a valedictory service was held in the City Road Chapel, London, when four missionaries and their wives who were returning to former fields of labour were present. A new mission is to be established in Burmah. Two veteran missionaries addressed the meeting, viz., Rev. Owen Watkins, who has just returned from South Africa, and Rev. George Brown, of Sydney, whose thrilling experiences in New Britain have produced a profound impression and evolved much missionary enthusiasm in Great Britain. During the recent session of the British Association in Birmingham, Mr. Brown delivered three lectures which were highly appreciated by the members of that learned society. The missionary committee ask for an increase of 20 per cent. on the past year's income, and they hope that there will be a general advance all along the line.

Great preparations have been made for the missionary meetings, hundreds of which are held in various parts of England during the fall and winter months. They are usually seasons of intense religious enthusiasm.

The new Central buildings at Manchester consist of a spacious hall with seating capacity for 1,500, a smaller chapel to seat 250, and a great variety of rooms suitable for all kinds of evangelistic work. Arrangements are to be made for three Sunday services, in the morning for regular attendants, in the afternoon for working men and women, and in the evening for the masses of the people who crowd the streets, aimlessly looking for some way of spending the time. During the week there will be a daily noon prayer-meeting and a Saturday evening temperance meeting. Rooms will be provided for young men, to be used as reading rooms and for classes in the common English branches. Similar provision will be made for young women. Much good is expected from this central work, and it is hoped the enterprise will vindicate itself as a successful experiment to reach the unchurched and ungospelled masses.

Property has been purchased near the old Epworth Rectory, and it is proposed to erect as a memorial to John Wesley, a church, a school, and a parsonage.

A striking pledge of a happy future was recently given at an unprecedented gathering of trades' unionists in Hull to proclaim their attachment to the religion of Jesus Christ. Two thousand workingmen enthusiastically endorsing the teaching of one of their number, who is a Methodist local preacher and member of Parliament, is a sight to fill all real Christians with glad hope. The President of the Trade Congress also avowed his loyalty to the teaching of Christ in his inaugural address.

Ten thousand converts of the

Methodist missions in Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast have raised a jubilee fund of $75,000.

The foundation stone of a memorial church in honour of Dr. Adam Clarke, the distinguished commentator, was recently laid in Portrush, County Antrim, Ireland, his native place. The Duke of Abercorn officiated. The structure is to cost between $7,000 and $10,000, and subscriptions will be invited from Canada and the United States. Dr. John Kerr is now visiting America in behalf of this enterprise.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The 120th anniversary of old John Street Church in New York city was recently celebrated. Bishop Andrews and Rev. Dr. Talmage preached on the occasion.

Mrs. Mary R. Davenport, M.D., writes from Donda, Africa, where she and her husband are stationed with Bishop Taylor's self-supporting African Mission. She being the only lady connected with that station, is an object of much interest. The music with the organ at their school is so much an object of admiration to all the natives that they were compelled to suspend its use for a time to avoid the inconvenience of the crowd. She represents the mission as highly prosperous.

Not less than 40,000 persons have professed conversion in connection with the Methodist Episcopal churches situated in the patronizing territory of the *Western Advocate* within the last twelve months.

The Indiana Conference has condemned the use of tobacco as uncleanly and unhealthful, and the preachers promised to preach against it once every year.

An interesting incident occurred on the evening of the recent dedication of the elegant Methodist Episcopal Church at Mount Vernon, New York. The amount of indebtedness was $23,000. When $14,000 had been subscribed there came a pause which continued until it became distressing. At that point the Rev. Dr. Caldwell, pastor of the Baptist Church, said, "The Baptist Church of Mount Vernon will take $500." This stimulus, a beautiful illustration of Christian sympathy, checked the ebbing of the tide, which flowed on until the entire amount (and some hundreds of dollars in addition) was pledged.

The recent session of the Wyoming Conference was a real revival Conference. Bishop Mallalieu presided, and from the commencement to the close he seemed resolved to labour for conversions. There was a prayer-meeting held every morning, which the Bishop invariably attended, and prayed and exhorted constantly. On Sunday there were several conversions and at the Monday prayer-meeting the scene was inspiring, the Bishop said "the business can wait, let us look for salvation." In response to his appeal more than twenty bowed themselves as seekers, several of whom professed conversion.

Fifty years ago William Nast was converted, joined the Methodist Church, and began his labours in Cincinnati. He was the first missionary to establish Methodism among the Germans, and now there are in the German Conferences 64,123 members, 580 travelling preachers, 502 local preachers, 878 churches, and 387 parsonages which altogether represent a value of $3,200,000.

The German Methodists contributed last year to benevolent objects $100,000.

Dr. Nast still lives in Cincinnati, where he edits the *Apologete*, which he established in 1838, and which has 18,000 subscribers.

It is reported that the Fall Conferences gained $42,000 toward the million for missions, the Spring Conferences gained $85,000. Total, $127,000. The income of the Missionary Society is $3,600 per week more than it was when the million dollar standard was first raised.

Bishop Warren announces that 100,000 new members have been added during the last three months. A large concession has also been made to the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

A new mission was commenced in Central Japan, July 26th. Rev. J. Lambuth is the missionary.

Bishop Granberry has been spending several months in Brazil. His daughter Ella remained at Paricacaba to assist in the school there.

Both the Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal Churches have their missionaries in the capital of Corea. At present they are limited to medical and educational work, both of which are acceptable to the Coreans.

Methodist New Connexion.

The "Guild of Kindness" which was formed some years ago with the sanction of the Conference, now numbers six hundred and thirty members. The Secretary hopes to have this number augmented to one thousand by the next Conference.

The venerable Rev. Samuel Hulme, a life-long friend of Dr. Cooke, has completed the biography of his beloved friend, which it is expected will be published during the present month. The volume will be awaited with much interest by the Methodist public.

The Rev. W. Cocker, D.D., well known to many in Canada, has been in the ministry nearly fifty years. For the last ten years he has been President of the College, from which onerous position he will retire at the approaching Conference and will be succeeded by the Rev. T. D. Crothers, ex-President of Conference.

The Book Committee has acquired the sole right to publish and reprint all the volumes and pamphlets, to the number of thirty-five, which the late Rev. William Cooke, D.D., wrote.

Items.

A member of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, at Kansas City, Mo., has contributed $5,000 to the missions in China.

Mr. Spurgeon has received a legacy for his orphanage of $2,000 from a gentleman who recently died in New Jersey, the first ever sent from America.

During 1885 Mrs. Spurgeon by means of her book fund distributed 89,139 volumes among poor pastors. Besides books many thousand copies of single sermons, pamphlets, and tracts have been given by Mrs. Spurgeon for distribution both at home and abroad.

Bishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, recently made an appeal to the Church for Peter's pence for the relief of the Pope, and easily raised $25,000. And this is in a Protestant city.

There were 151 Protestant churches in Japan, January 1, 1886, with 11,062 communicants, 2,066 of whom were added in 1885. Their contributions were $13,406.97, or $6,415 more than in 1884.

A native of Madagascar who studied medicine in Edinburgh, and returned home, now has seventy young men studying under him, and a large class of women whom he is training for nurses.

Twelve missionaries lately sailed for Madagascar; one was a granddaughter of Dr. Robert Moffat.

Mr. Henry Varley, the evangelist, and Mr. Joseph Huntingdon (brother of the late Bishop Huntingdon, who was murdered recently in Central Africa) have sailed from England for Cape Town with a view of conducting a special mission there.

Rev. James Caughey, well-known to hundreds in Canada, still lives at New Brunswick, New Jersey, U.S., and is in feeble health.

A young layman, an earl's son, and an accomplished Oriental scholar, proposes to establish a mission at his own expense among Mohammedans in Arabia, and to be the director of it in person.

Several instances of rare kindliness toward Christian missionaries from enemies of their religion are recorded in the *Missionary Review*. A Buddhist in Ceylon has given 2,000 bricks for a new Wesleyan Church. Another Singhalese has given the land and 100 rupees for another church.

Book Notices.

Geological Studies: or Elements of Geology for High Schools, Colleges, Normal and other Schools, with 367 illustrations. By ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo., pp. 513. Price $3.00.

The Messrs. Griggs & Co., of Chicago, have added another to their series of high-class educational works. Prof. Winchell has won a distinguished reputation as a luminous writer on geological topics. His charming "Sketches of Creation," published many years ago, has stimulated thousands to the study of this fascinating department of natural science. The present volume embodies the results of his lengthened experience as a discoverer and lecturer. The first, and to our mind most important, part of the work is devoted to the inductive study of the subject—the only proper method, we judge. He begins with the examination of the common geological formations around the student, and teaches him to cultivate his own powers of observation and reflection. He then studies the constitution of the rocks, and the phenomena of sedimentation, erosion, stratification, eruption and the like. This method will develop original observers and thinkers, instead of book-crammed chamber-geologists. The second half of the book is adapted for senior students, and treats the science systematically. It begins with the chemistry of the rocks, and their structural character. Chapter three is on dynamical geology—the agency of water, winds, heat, seismic and tidal action. Then comes the progress of terrestrial life and historical geology. The engravings are very numerous and really illustrate the subject. For either private study or college use we know no superior text-book.

The Miraculous Element in the Gospels. By ALEXANDER BALMAIN BRUCE, D.D. 8vo., pp. 390. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.50.

We reviewed with high commendation some years since, Dr. Bruce's admirable lectures on "The Parabolic Teaching of Christ." This volume, though constructed on a different method, may be regarded as complementary to that work. It consists of ten lectures on the "Ely Foundation," delivered in Union Theological Seminary. They discuss the subject of miracles in relation to theories of the universe, in relation to the order of nature, to the apostolic witnesses, to the evangelic records, to exegesis; in relation to the worker, and to the Christian revelation. Two closing chapters discuss the great moral miracle—the Christ of the Church and of history; and Christianity without a miracle. Even without the admission of a miracle, Jesus is still "a hero of moral sincerity, a prince of philanthropists, and a paragon of ethical teachers." And our author shows that the religion practised by Jesus cannot be practised by unbelievers. Throughout the discussions of the volume the Gospels are regarded "not from the view point of a strict doctrine of inspiration, from that of substantial historicity." While this is not the highest point of view, the author contends that it is the one which is most germane to apologetic inquiries. The views of Prof. Fiske, Prof. Drummond, Prof. Huxley, Renan, Strauss, Wiess, Spencer, Schleiermacher, and the leading writers who have discussed the subject, are fully and fairly examined.

Joseph the Prime Minister. By the Rev. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D. Pp. 241. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

The pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle is one of the most instructive and interesting of expository preachers. He takes some prominent Bible character and fairly exhausts the subject. Thus he has given us those admirable studies, Daniel the Beloved, Elijah the Prophet, Paul the Missionary, and now Joseph the Prime Minister. The story of Joseph is one of the favourites of our childhood, and it can never lose its spell of power. The present volume is characterized by Dr. Taylor's picturesque and polished style, by his spiritual insight, and by the practical lessons he evolves. We are persuaded that more expository preaching would instruct people in the Scriptures as a whole and their unity of design better than the selection of isolated texts so much in vogue. Of this style Dr. Taylor's volumes are an admirable model.

Sacred Songs, Sonnets, and Miscellaneous Poems. By JOHN IMRIE, with an introduction by G. MERCER ADAM. Pp. 210. Toronto: Imrie & Graham. Price $1.00.

This is emphatically a collection of songs of the hearth and home. A considerable proportion are direct religious compositions, and there are a number of stirring patriotic poems; but the larger number are songs of home, love, and friendship—themes to which every heart will respond. The book is neatly printed and bound and has some graceful illustrations and pieces of music, and a portrait of the author.

Vagrant Verses. By JOSEPHINE POLLARD. Pp. 216. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Price $1.00.

This is another dainty little gilt-edged volume of poems dedicated to the home circle. Miss Pollard is an old favourite with readers of current literature, and many of her poems bear the high endorsement of having appeared in such high-class periodicals as *The Century*, *Harper's Weekly*, *The Independent*, etc. There is a fine vein of humour running through many of them, especially the dialect poems, and in not a few a minor chord of pathos. Either volume will make an appropriate holiday gift-book.

A Plain Talk on the Labour Question. By SIMON NEWCOMB, LL.D. New York: Harper Brothers.

The substance of these letters appeared in the columns of the *New York Independent* and attracted much attention. They are here recast and somewhat amplified. They treat in a plain straightforward manner the important issues which are engaging all minds. They discuss succinctly Society and its Wants, Capital and its Uses, and the Labourer and his Wages. Dr. Newcomb's arguments have not escaped challenge, but they unquestionably refute much of the sophistry which has befogged this question.

Shots at Sundry Targets. By T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D. Cr. 8vo., pp .656. New York: E. B. Treat. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.00.

Without question, Talmage is the most popular preacher of the age. No other living man influences so many minds by means of platform, pulpit or pen. We have here an authorized compilation of his most pointed and pithy paragraphs aimed at wrongs to be righted, errors to be corrected, dangers to be avoided, burdens to be lightened, follies to be shunned, sorrows to be mitigated, and victories to be won. In many of these there is exhibited a tender human sympathy or a deep religious fervour; in others there is strong invective, merciless irony and sarcasm, and keen sense of humour shooting folly as it flies and puncturing wind-bags of conceit. The rhetoric is at times somewhat per-

fervid ; but that is better than being dull, and there is not a dull page in the book. It has a *fac simile* autograph letter of authorization.

Voyages of a Merchant Navigator of the Days that are Past. Compiled from the journals and letters of the late RICHARD J. CLEVELAND. By H. W. S. CLEVELAND. New York : Harper Brothers. Price $1.25.

This plain unvarnished tale has all the interest of romance. Indeed it abounds in those truths which are stranger than fiction. Captain Cleveland was one of those famous skippers who made old Salem renowned throughout the world. He went to sea at nineteen and traded with great success in all parts of the world. He made and lost large fortunes and achieved feats of navigation deemed by old salts impossibilities. During the stormy days of the embargo and of the war of 1812-14 he had many stirring adventures by sea and land. Like many another ancient mariner he found himself after a long life of toil a comparatively poor man. But he had developed a noble, manly Christian character, and went to an honoured grave. At a time when such conduct was a rare exception, he was a total abstainer from liquor and tobacco, neither of which he touched during his long life of eighty-seven years.

Two Thousand Miles through the Heart of Mexico. By J. HENDRICKSON MCCARTY, D.D. Pp. 288. New York : Phillips & Hunt. Toronto : William Briggs. Price $1.00.

This is a pleasant gossipping account, rather discursive at times, of a journey to and through the republic of Mexico. The writer travelled extensively throughout the country, and gives a graphic account of his varied adventures. The happy-go-lucky *dolce far niente* of the country is very exasperating to a go-ahead Yankee or Canadian. The author gives a not very flattering account of the Romish system which holds in its "grip of steel" the greater part of the people and resources of the land, but there are not lacking signs of civil and religious progress.

LITERARY NOTES.

With its November number the *Magazine of Art* ends the tenth year of its valuable existence and closes the volume for 1886. The frontispiece is a reproduction in brown of Sir Joshua's famous portrait of the Hon. Miss Ann Bingham. Canada has been said to have no literature, but no one can deny, from the evidence in this magazine, her claims to a National School of Painting. "Art in Canada" occupies several pages of illustrated letterpress.

Professor Charles A. Young contributes to the November *Popular Science Monthly* an instructive paper on "Recent Advances in Solar Astronomy." In it he summarizes in a very readable way the results obtained and the discoveries made during the last five years by the principal investigators who have been studying the physics of the sun. This magazine is the best we know for keeping the general reader abreast of the progress of scientific thought and discovery. It is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York ; price $5 a year.

The *New Princeton Review* with the November number completes its second volume. It has a valuable analytical index and an important condensed record of contemporary public events, American and foreign, and of current topics in literature, science and art. This Review has a particularly strong *corps* of contributors. The leading article in the present number is by Dr. McCosh on Realism, its Place in the various Philosophies.